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Christmas Edition—SECTION ONE

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN RUSHVILLE -- 1822

Judge Laughlin, the first Santa Claus, bought Toys and Quinine for the Early Settlers and the Squatters at Yuletide.

(By Tom J. Geraghty, of the Daily Republican.)

The Indians had just left the place where Rushville now stands. On the south side of Flatrock creek there was an old trail used by the Redskins, who roamed back and forth between this country and the few small towns along Whitwater river. Over this path—the only mark of habitation—came a sturdy lot of typical frontiersmen and hunters. They were just one point removed from the savage in the matter of intellect and morality. They cared little for civilization, and in many respects might be classed as the enemies of it, for none hated the school house and little meeting house, as did those woodsmen, and whenever one was erected in a community, where they made their abode, they resented it openly and immediately pressed forward to other haunts where the lights of education were not illuminated.

The first whites that inhabited this county were squatters, and they came with an eye to the abundant game here in the hunting grounds abandoned by the Indians in 1819, when the land was ceded to the government—the land office being at Brookville. As soon as the ringing blow of the ax drove out the game, these "avant coureurs" of the white race moved on, with that restless spirit of adventure, into a denser or less populated wilderness. These free rovers of the forests looked upon schools, refinement and society as being effeminate, although they were a generous and hospitable lot. The first permanent settler that came to transform this swampy ague land and dense forest, grand in its wild luxuriance of undergrowth and vegetation, into one of the garden spots of the country, were as brave men as ever wore homespun over a heart beating with ambition and hope. These advance guards were neither cowards nor sluggards, neither were there any Ananias clubs or such institutions in that day to occupy their time, but they were men that lived close to God and to nature and came here of their own volition to seek the dangers and endless labors of the wilderness.

Among some of the early arrivals were Henry Sidrus, Richard Thornberry, Isaac Williams, Samuel Gruell, Weir Cassidy, John Hale, Ben Burton and a few others—not many however.

Some of the names are still familiar around here even with the air ship and motor car generation. Hale and Burton were famous deer hunters and made much of the early history, in the way of being the principals in exciting and interesting events.

There was no kick on twenty-five cent gas then, neither was there any barons building barn-like structures and renting them for twenty dollars a side, but log cabins were the homes, sweet homes. And homes they really and truly were. Those were days when one appreciated a home. These palaces were all built on the same plan, of rough logs and about sixteen by twenty feet. The roofs were made of hickory or walnut clap boards—like they use now on nifty furniture and the sort of mission finish that milady dotes on. The "art" windows were made of oiled paper but no one could see through them but Old Sol. Onedoor was the limit; to have more would be a luxury and a sad waste of time hewing it out with their rough tools, such as they were. Throw in a big fireplace

made of clay, and a cradle—an indispensable piece of furniture in those days—and you have a typical first home in Rushville. Where the paragoric bottle stood then on the handy shelf, now is found a volume on stirpiculture.

The next three articles, in point of importance, were the spinning wheel, rifle and a dog. No man would ever think of entering into the marriage state without these requisites. On the rifle and dog depended the supply for the table for, they were the Armour (rifle) and Swift (dog) that furnished the meats for the hungry, dyspepsialess denizens who feasted on the juicy deer, fat bear, wild turkey and pheasant meat. In those days hunting and shooting was not a dentist's holiday but of necessity, an avocation.

But what of the early settlers and how did they pass the time when they were not engaged in work. True, doing the manual and sleeping to gain strength for another day's work formed the greatest part of all of their existence, but they were human and recreation was bound to ooze into their lives at some time or another. They found enjoyment in their work but there were times when they put by the gigantic tasks before them and "relished a little nonsense now and then." It might be said that they really enjoyed themselves more than do some of the present generation. We know that some people measure happiness by wealth—too many of us, in fact. Take the farmer for instance. He is easily satisfied nowadays. All he wants to possess in his own farm—and all the land that adjoins it. But let's get into the story!

We now have a bit of atmosphere; how the people lived in the rare old, fair old days; or rather how they existed and a glimpse of the type of men that they really were. What do you suppose they did on Christmas and other natal holidays? We have only a thread of tradition to outline one of the first Christmas' spent in Rushville by white people and in comparison with the present day observance of the feast, it is indeed interesting. It was in 1822. There was but a mere handful of people living here then, some one hundred and fifty souls within the borders. Judge W. B. Laughlin, who built the first industry in the country, a grist mill on Flatrock in 1821, near where the Big Four railroad crosses, was the prime mover in the celebration, as he was in most everything in those days. Some of the grizzly squatters really didn't know when Christmas came and some there were who could not or did not understand why it came, but at the word of Judge Laughlin, all were ready to do their share and make it a glorious occasion. And what a memorable event it must have been! The previous years spent by this coterie of men, was in scouting up and down the country, suffering hardships and enduring many tribulations before they settled here to make this locale their permanent home. The only social engagements these stalwarts had on their smart set calendars for the preceding few years consisted in one or two husking bees or joining their neighbors in burning a lot of trees and rubbish. This was done after a number of the giant monarchs had been felled and neighbors were wont together, and assist each other after nightfall. If an itinerant minstrel happened

along who could fiddle a bit, he was pressed into service and made to fiddle, like Nero, while the timber burned. The evening would then be spent in dancing. The corn husking bees were enlivened by the finding of red ears—corn, not human ears—and the privilege of kissing any girl the finder chose, providing he could catch her. This was likewise before the days of germs; they did not have germs then, just diseases.

But can't you picture sedate and dignified old Judge Laughlin now, when he announced that Rushville was going to have a Yuletide celebration? How, with glee he rubbed his hands, talked earnestly, and even fervently of the occasion many days before with every man he came in contact with. It is safe betting that he looked forward to that event with more expectancy than any before or afterwards in his long life of usefulness. Everything must be done up in tip-top shape, he would say to those about him. And what a conglomeration of humanity he had for associates. In the hundred and a half souls here every type of humanity was represented. There were Scotch, Irish, English, Germans, Kentuckians, Virginians, North Carolinians, New England State Yankees and what-not. These were the men who were obliged to put on the robe of childhood and throw off the man-

great day. They sent to Cincinnati to get a few presents that they might surprise the children. Imagine what gladness was experienced when a package containing the precious joys for the children arrived. How the old folks gathered around and saw it untied and viewed the little thing-a-ma-jigs. The package came by wagon to Connersville and then by horseback over the old trail to this town. In it were jumping jacks that you pull with a string, a few unpainted Noah arks and figures and some candy animals and figures of fat men and women. It was recalled by an old timer, several years afterwards, that Judge Laughlin also had some patent medicines shipped with the toys. He was "wealthy" enough to complain of physical afflictions "out loud" and never missed an opportunity to lay by a supply of quinine, assafoetida and patent medicines. And two years afterwards he was accused of causing all the sickness in this community. He had the creek dammed to use the water at his mill and the people got a full grown idea in their heads that the standing water was causing all their chills and agues and one night they rose en masse and went to the Laughlin mill and destroyed the dam. But the next year found them still eating quinine with Judge Laughlin.

How Ed. Swanson, Aferwards Hanged for Murder, Sniffed the Candle with a Rifle Ball in a Night Shooting Match.

several days before, the men who were adepts with the rifle spent an extra hour or two, before retiring, to melt lead and make bullets, prepare wipers and pick flints for the shooting match. The crack shots were delegated to go in quest of deer and other choice meats for they had invited citizens from some of the neighboring counties and they wanted to give them "the best the market afforded"—besides an elegant sufficiency of corn bread. A favorite spot to hunt deer in those days was in the valley of Mahoning or what is now known as Ben Davis creek. There was a spring there that contained more or less salt and it was called "Three Suck Lick." Before the Indians left they apprised the white men of this happy spot of happy hunting ground. The deer were wont to come there for miles around and drink. Hale and Burton were in the party that went to Mahoning valley a week or such a matter before

the second night two deer were slain and brought here to be prepared. Other game in abundance was slaughtered and made ready for the feast. This was before the day of "Bogey Man" Game Warden Sweeney and one could kill game until the supply of powder ran dry—or got wet.

And the women, as they do down to the present day, figured largely in the preparations; working night and day at their fireplaces cooking, and at their spinning wheels, making presents for the members of the family. They did not give houseslippers or Christmas cigars then but instead weaved blankets, jeans, flannels and made stockings. Did you ever hear one of the old pioneers describe a woman at a spinning wheel?

They actually go into raptures when the subject is broached. One of them says: "To see a woman at a spinning wheel is to see her at her best. There is music in the rhythmic motion of the wheel; first it starts soft and low, then as it increases in motion, getting louder, going more rapidly and the buzzing increasing from time to time, that music actually touches the soul. And then to see the swaying, graceful form of a woman at the wheel! What joy and bliss unalloyed! The grace of form or movement of a beautiful woman could not be displayed to greater advantage."

To hear one of these old fellows talk, you would think the spinning wheel had the streets of Cairo backed up in a corner for an attraction, had the Salome dance beaten to a whisper and the kicking polka looking like a prancing colt's morning frolic.

It was at the spinning wheel that the women did their Christmas shopping. What a joy it was to labor for many hours on something of their own creation to be given as a present to one near and dear to them, and what a pleasure it must have been to make a presentation of such a gift! Instead of drilling children for anane and senseless Christmas entertainments, then the women were "drilling" around looking up a cow, lost in the woods and only to be found by following the sound of the clanging bell about its neck. They "let the women do the work" then the same as they do now, only they did not have any rubber gloves or step-saving kitchen cabinets.

But back to '22 again and that Christmas!

All were requested to come early on the day appointed and make one big, whole day of it. There was no meeting house wherein to hold services, but despite this fact, there was prayer and Bible reading in the home of one of the squatters. (It was attended largely by women, who were not the "cooking committee.") Men rode in on horseback from all parts of the county, and in most instances, their wives—and sometimes their children—were behind them, astride a horse, over which a piece of homespun cloth was thrown.

The horses hitched in the mill yard and the sturdy, red-faced, corn-fed complected denizens began to mingle "most copiously."

In those days the lid was off—and nobody knew how to make a clasp. In fact it did not swing on hinges, and as every grist mill had a still in connection, where an inferior (but purer) brand of liquor was squeezed out and distilled, every mother's son of them were thoroughly competent

THE OLD VIRGINIA REEL

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE IN VERSE

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IN old Virginia, on the James,
Beside Potomac's placid flow,
Where limpid Shenandoah shames
The rival welkin with its glow
Or Rappahannock runs, you know
(Ere war had flashed its fiery steel),
Some half a hundred years ago
They danced the old Virginia reel.

Where now are they, the stately dames,
The dimpled maidens all a-row,
Who played with hearts the deadliest
games

While lightly treading to and fro?
Where now is all the dainty show
Of silken fabric, glance of heel
And gleam of satin slippers toe
That danced the old Virginia reel?

Where now the cavaliers? The names
Of some have fed the bugle blow
Of glory—seared in battle flames,
They sleep Virginia's sod below—
And some have quaffed the common
wine

Of nameless death their dooms to seal.
And yet, good fellows all, heigho!
They danced the old Virginia reel.

ENVOY.
Gallants and girls, I see ye grow
From out the gloom—your ghosts appeal,
Touch hands anew—the music—so!
We'll dance the old Virginia reel.

tle of mature age for the judge's edict.

It was an all day affair and the principal event was a shooting match. For several weeks before, preparations were made for this

They used more quinine in those days than A sugar.

Here we are, clear off the subject and dealing in reminiscences like old soldiers at a camp fire. We will talk of that first Christmas again. For

Christmas and following the usual customs, climbed a tree and waited to get a good shot at the animals we now pay twenty-five cents to see in a circus menagerie. The first night proved to be a bagless hunt but on

One of Al Linville's Doleful Stories of the Yuletide Season

All of us have a particular furrow in our cheeks that we use along about Christmas time, sort of a water-spout to let the Yuletide tears flow out with the tide. Then it is that we are easily touched—figuratively and literally—even the old tightwad will thaw on said occasions and let go of some of the coin of the realm that you could not extract at any other time with a cold chisel and a team of elephants. Show one of those old geezers that picture of a little girl, kneeling at the side of her bed on Christmas morning, crying and holding in her hand an empty stocking and you can get the old fellow to put his name down for any amount.

There is enough good in the worst of us, etc., if one can get to the right string leading to the heart to give it a yank. All of this by way of preface for the writer wants to say a word or two about the sentiment that exists around about the Holly Days, and further say that he has two or three Christmases spoiled entirely on hearing a pathetic story just when the joy waves were rolling the highest. That is the moral he wants to point out. Don't deal in the talk with the salty tears in it and don't get around in a crowd and uncork a pessimistic two-cylinder roar full of doleful dope and sandwiched with sorrow during the Christmas season.

Take that story of Al Linville, for instance! If Al's troubles were not funny they would indeed be pitiable. Old Job, the first man we ever heard of with a peck of troubles, lived in the lap of luxury compared to Al—that is to hear Al tell it. We all knew him around here by the nickname of "Seabby," but he never pleased to write his name on a hotel register or sign his checks with that pseudonym. One would be breeding

a seab to say it in his presence when the Right Honorable Alvin was not in good humor.

But really, he is a Tough Luck Kid. A capable fellow in many ways, good conversationalist, witty, honest as the days are long in the longest days of summer time, and industrious; what more could you expect of a fellow? But some bad fairy put a hoodoo on him early in life and he has been up against it ever since. Once in a while the sun would begin to shine in his life and Al would start to smile and give his mustache (his pride and joy) an extra twist, when the very next fellow he would meet would be a clerk from the postoffice carrying an umbrella in one hand and a weather report predicting rain in the other. Any evening you are feeling gloomy and think the world is dealing a few off the bottom on you, look Al up and you will soon come to the conclusion that your troubles are trifles compared to his. And he always has them. It is not one big bunch of sorrow tied with a clothes line on his back, but he has them as regular as you tear a leaf off your calendar.

About two years ago Al left and was gone for several weeks. Joined out with a circus. He wrote back to his friends here that he was having the time of his life and for the first time had a job that he liked and that agreed with him. He had to do everything but work. One fine morning he rolled in, just as the porters were opening the saloons, and he had a wee begotten expression on his face that told there was one more dark page in his life's history.

"Hello Al, when did you get back?" he was asked.

"Just got in and if the court's knows itself you will never have to ask me again 'when did I get back' 'cause I'm never, never going away again."

"What's wrong this time? Thought you had such a fine job?"

"Well, I did have, but taint so ordained that I can keep a swell job. I was just born for tough luck. I suppose if I would surround a lot of coin for myself some time, I'd wake up the next day and find that we had another Civil war on hand or that the government was busted, or something. Haint no use for me to try."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Oh, everything. I was working along good with that circus until we run into smallpox or cholera or something down in Mississippi and then they had to turn around and book the circus through the north. That's where I lost out."

"Lost out. How?"

"Well, had a steady job—and an easy one, too—as long as they stayed in the south, but when they struck out for the chilly north, that's where they struck me out and benched me."

"What was you doing?"

"Wiping sweat off the fat woman," he replied mournfully.

Al has a hundred or more such experiences. But one in particular, I want to recount and one that strikes the bull's eye of the moral of this story for it spoiled one Christmas for me. It was several years ago, and near as I can remember, here is the way Al told it afterwards, in his own language:

"I will always pour cold water on my heart to make it hard when I see a Christmas tree and cross my fingers whenever I see a man selling them. About the worst Christmas I ever put in was one year, and all on account of the Christmas tree business. I had been swinging on the northeast end of a mop and doing the high dive in big brass cuspidors at the Sullivan & Ryan saloon for several months, my official capacity being dignified by the title of porter. I couldn't lay up anything at the job and I got disgusted and quit about December 1. I thought I could pick up some work around town and rake up a few dollars here and there, but everywhere I hit for a job they wanted me to work for boys' wages, 'cause I was only five feet, four. None of them seemed to take into consideration that I had a mustache that measured eight inches from tip to tip. Well, with Old Crimp staring me in the face and the larder running low at home, I began to think, and think hard, I'm telling you, of my wife and two kids at home. I

was about to give up in despair for Christmas was close at hand and I thought I would rather make a hole in the ice at the race and jump in than to let Christmas go by without the usual celebration and trimmings at home. I went into the saloon where I formerly worked and was telling them of my predicament. One fellow asked me why I didn't go into the Christmas tree business. He said he had been all over town and could not find one for sale, and said I probably could sell all I could get for one dollar a piece. "Another friend spoke up and said he would loan me his horse if I could find a wagon and as luck would have it a farmer standing near, who overheard the conversation chimed in and said I could get just what I wanted in the way of trees on his farm and I was welcome to them, since I was in hard luck. Well, I jumped at that thing like a hungry bass at a minnow and

soon dug up a wagon and started out. The farm was ten miles south of town and the day was cold, but I didn't mind that. The first day I made one trip, got four trees and cleaned up, clear and above all expenses, about three dollars on the day. That night it snowed, but I braved the elements the next morning and went to the farm and began digging snow and cutting those cedar trees for who tied Colie. I was in for getting Christmas money and I didn't mind the trouble and cold at all. But it was slow business that day. I say it was going to take all day to get one load back to town, but as I had several days ahead of me before Christmas I began to take on new hope and prayed all day long for better weather. I came to town with five trees and was turning in the pike near the white bridge when I saw a commotion of some sort ahead of me. The snow was bellying to

the old mare I was driving and I could not make out very well what it was until I got close to the bridge. But when I did get there, I want to tell you my hopes fell with a crash and broke all the joy bells that were going to ring for me this Christmas. My dream of making four or five dollars a day for several days to come, went glimmering. For there, trying to get through the covered bridge was Dave Havens. He had a hay wagon, with a been pole on, and you, and had the thing loaded so high with Christmas trees that he couldn't get through the bridge. And there, I had been all day trying to dig out a measly old 've. He had enough there to supply the world—looked like to me. But worst of all was the signs Dave had of the lack and sides of his wagon which read:

CHOICE 25 CENTS.

First Christmas in Rushville--1822

to put away a dozen stiff drinks and not have their temperature raise over one point. They had the habit grounded to a science, and hardly ever was one seen staggering under a load of too much "joy water."

The shooting match—the big show of the day—was held in an open place on the river bottoms, near the Laughlin mill. Some of those fellows could put Anna Oakley to shame when it came to hitting the bull's eye. If there had been shooting galleries in those days, and they gave a cigar for every time the bell rang, many of our forefathers would have died of tobacco heart. It was just as necessary then to be able to handle a rifle as it is now to be able to handle a deck of whist cards—in either case, you know, you are not worth the powder and shot, etc.

It was a pleasure then to encounter a wolf, deer or some of the smaller game that roved the forests. The only animal the early boys feared to meet, unless they had the drop on it, was a panther. The sneaking, soft-treading, cat-like panther was the "big noise" and all the smoke and caused many a dog—and man as well—to curl their tails under their hind legs and make for home the most direct route. An early settler dog would tackle anything from a yarn ball to a buzz saw—but a panther, never.

Prizes were hung up for the Christmas shoot; a heifer was killed, divided into four parts and given as first prizes; other awards were a rifle, an ax, and a cow and a calf, donated late in the afternoon by one of the more enthusiastic for the night shooting match. It is said that a fellow by the name of Edward Swanson carried away the honors—and all the beef—in the day shoots. He had it "on" all the boys when it came to fingering a trigger, and could shoot without taking a bead with all the accuracy of a "house" fifteen-ball pool player.

But poor Swanson! Now here comes the dramatic part. He was widely popular in the early days both on account of his superior marksmanship and genial disposition, but he came to a sad ending. He was the only fellow that ever paid the death penalty, under the law, in this county. He killed Elisha Clark in a quarrel a few years afterwards and was hung to a tree that stood where the alley runs in the rear of Rich Wilson's home in North Main street.

An early settler described Swanson thusly: "His skill with a rifle was something wonderful. His sagacity as a hunter and woodsman could not be excelled. He was a typical frontiersman and Indian fighter—cool, crafty and courageous."

Sniffing the candle was the past-time indulged in on the first Christmas night, preceeding the dance held at the home of a happy-go-lucky individual named Holden. A lighted candle was placed against a tree and the shooters were obliged to stand off about forty or fifty yards, the object being to cut off the flaming wick without striking the candle. To

strike the candle meant a penalty was added to the shooter. John Hale won the cow in the contest and a character by name of Jacob Dewey, who normally could not hit a barn door with the butt of his rifle, carried off the calf.

Dewey was a man worthy more than passing notice. He was a typical squatter and lived near where the Alger cemetery is located. A Yankee by birth, he possessed all the eccentricities and characteristics of that people, and was forever performing some stunt of interest to the stern settler, who took it that "life is real, life is earnest." He owned a pair of bulls and with these made a livelihood rolling logs in the clearings. He was a wild looking individual, never met a razor face to face, and his head was one mass of beard and long, flowing—or rather matted—locks. He wore a fox skin cap with the tail hanging down behind, and buckskin breeches rolled up to his knees. Dewey looked for the world like the fellow that helped Eliza escape across the ice, and nothing at all like the hero of Manila bay. He didn't own any land, neither did he try to acquire any when the opportunity presented itself, but moved out of these diggings when the place became "too civilized" for him.

They say that the funniest thing that occurred on this memorable Christmas day, was the attempted singing of the populace. Some of the men took it seriously and were earnest in their endeavor to make angelic music, failing humorously. There were some who boasted of former membership in a singing school, like "Old Gabe" soon afterwards conducted in Rush county. Old Gabe was a darkey that would scare a white child to spasms on sight, and is chronicled as being the ugliest human that ever put a foot on Rush county soil. He was awkward in appearance, but skilled in music, and while many of our ancestors lost much of the music in their voices in after years from calling hogs, still the musical talent that has been found lying dormant in the coils of some of our agriculturists' children, can be traced back to the teaching of "Old Gabe." Nobody knew any more about him than his first name was Gabriel, and that he came from Fayette county.

The singing of Christmas of '22 was the only thing that did not have harmony in it, of all the many things on the program. It came near being the cause of the happy gathering breaking up in a row.

The dancing at the Holden home, where an itinerant wheelwright played a squeaking fiddle, was the crowning feature of the day. Before the dance Judge Laughlin officiated as a sort of Santa Claus and had charge of the giving away of presents. Among the gifts were the homespun articles made by the good wives and older sisters, the toys that "came clean" from Cincinnati, and a number of little brown jugs (guess they had jugs) of condensed jug water—like father used to make, before the government put a tax of two

dollars and fifty cents a gallon on the stuff.

They did not have Christmas trees then. A tree did not mean anything to an early settler but a task; the task of cutting it down to either get it out of the way, or to use it for fuel or building purposes.

It is fun now to settle back in a comfortable Morris chair, in a brilliantly lighted and well heated room, surrounded on all sides by luxuries, (or what would be considered luxuries when thinking of the olden days); to see the children break the arm off a three-dollar doll and the youngest boy climbing in an English go-cart for a doll and break down the back wheels; to see some grown-up sweating under a false face of red cheeks and a small bale of cotton; to listen to long-winded sermons on the star of Bethlehem and operatic anthems; to try a cigar your good wife bought, when you prefer your cabbage boiled; to eat the remains of a turkey for eight days afterwards; to know that there will be bills to pay, twice as many as you can take care of on account of the generosity that marks every member of the household in the glad yuletide season; to feel obliged to wear a nightmare of a necktie because some kind friend bought it for you; to suffer from indigestion on account of the surprise given your stomach; to think on all these things it is fun, but when we look back on those rare old days of the wholesome Christmas celebration, if we are sensible, we will be prone to envy our forefathers and long for such things, knowing that they are not within our reach.

This is hardly the time or place to let out a pessimistic yowl, but it does seem as if the glad old season is deteriorating. There are more sorrows than joys found now. The thing is overdone. How many of us but what suffer more at Christmas time than at any other of the year. To begin with, we feel that everybody else is happy, and none but us sad. Being human, we never get what we anticipate and a sadder fact, we do not get to give what we would like to. If the death angel has visited our fireside during the past year and there is one missing from those we loved on earth, who was with us on the previous Christmas, it is the saddest reminder, the darkest page imaginable on our calendar of life. We are prone to feel the sting again and the wound that was closed by time is opened and the pangs we suffer are possibly keener than those of our first grief.

But a star rises before us, a star of consolation, and it is a balm to our aching hearts. We are reminded that we are observing the season in commemoration of the birth of One who came to this earth that we might all know not only the joys of a season marked by short days, but a yuletide that will last forever in eternity, where there are no empty stocking pangs, and where the Santa Claus spirit of gift giving is ever present, coming from the Great Giver of all gifts and blessings.

Santa's Letters from Grown-ups

SHERIFF WILL KING—

I want a few Chautauqua dates after I turn over the keys. I want to talk on "What I Know About Jail Breakers, or the Ins and Outs of Prisoners." I would also like a rubber comb. I have been a good boy.

GEORGE DANIELS—

I am an extra good boy. I want a false face so I can take off my hat and go to a masquerade dance disguised as a billiard ball. Also want some stories about Diamond Dick that are "hair raisers."

JET PARKER—

I want a ribbon bow for my cat, as the Old Pussey Came Home. (O.P. C.H.) I also want a trained lobster—not the kind you wig up, but the kind that winds you up.

Maybe I won't be home on Christmas, as I have some "pressing business," but leave the things anyway.

LON STEWART—

I don't want the earth, but I do want some nice contracts planning removing part of the earth. Also one rural route box and some foot-ase, good for walking. I am a good boy. If you don't believe me, ask my wife.

ARTHUR IRVIN—

A few bricks—not thrown at me, but put down like checkers or building blocks in front of my house in North Main street. Also a good winter next time, so we can sell lots of gloves.

CHARLEY FRAZEE—

I want to get in a place where I won't have to wait so long for my mail or have to walk after it. Have a pair of felt boots and plow gloves. I am willing to give to some other poor boy, as I will not need them much.

SHERM ONEAL—

A volume by Ida Tarbell on "The Skin Game," also some games such as "Hide and Smell," and "It Pays to Pelt People." You might also leave me a book by Bryan, the one he wrote on "How it Feels to Run the Third Time."

JESSE VANCE—

I can't keep from laughing when I tell you what I want. I want a nice, red hanging lamp and a pug dog that will match my music box, and I also want a story book by Lincoln on "You Can't Pool All the People All the Time." Please have all my friends get the "Gang Green." I also want some money, marbles and chalk.

STEWART BEALE—

I want a job going with Roosevelt to Africa to tell him funny stories and chew his tobacco for him. Would also like to get a kangaroo from my old home in Australia so I can have my own "hops" in case county option goes through.

FRANK MULL—

I want another farm between here and Manila so I can walk all the way to Green Gable without trespassing on anybody else's land. Would also like to play Santa Claus like I used to in a Walker township church.

LON LINK—

Put a veto on the Postal Savings business in my sock. I also want a castellated wall in the rear of my house so the members of the gun club won't shoot me in the summer afternoons when I lay in the hammock.

RICH REED—

I want something to play with that don't "go against the grain." Some pen wipers for my motor cars and enough gasoline to clean my clothes and run the machine all next year. Will donate some corn cobs for old men who smoke pipes if they pick all the grain off them before they take them away.

Autobiography of A Christmas Gift

I am a Christmas gift. In fact, I have always been one. My age is now nineteen, though I may look older. I was made by the dainty hands of Miss Susanna Sikes, who at that time was just the age I am now. Guess her age at present? She is still Miss Susanna, and she still owns me.

Oh, yes, Miss Susanna gave me away. Perhaps I should explain that I am twins, being a pair of knit slippers.



SHE SENT ME TO HIM.

The next Christmas she sent me to her old college chum, Mrs. De Brown, who was a member of her brother's congregation. Next Christmas Mrs. De B. sent me to her pastor. The pastor grinned when he saw me again and remarked something like "Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days."

The next Christmas the pastor sent me to his old college chum, who was sweet on Miss Susanna. There was every prospect of a match, since Miss Susanna had despaired of winning the preacher, who was known to be engaged to another lady. But—the very next Christmas the preacher's college chum sent me to Miss Susanna with a perfumed note praising her dainty little feet. This broke off the match, of course.

Well, next Christmas Miss Susanna mailed me to a friend of hers clear across the continent. Miss Susanna's address on the corner of the box in which I was mailed got rubbed off en route, and her friend didn't know who sent me.

So the very next Christmas I returned to Miss Susanna. Oh, I was hard to lose! I was not made to wear; I was made to circulate. I am a good thing, and so everybody passes me along.

T. SAPP, JR.

Will Santa Be Busy Thursday Night, Eh?

Dear Santa—

I am an old lady 87 years old. I live on the banks of Flat Rock. For Christmas I would like a new fire department, a City Hall, and Main street paved with brick.

MRS. RUSH VILLE.

Dear Santa Claus—

I want a drum, a gun, a toy house, a fire engine, a job press, some candy oranges, nuts, dates and figs, and Santa, bring sister a doll and a doll cart.

EUGENE BURRELL.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy I will be 6 years next march I live with my Grandpa and Grandma please bring me a suit of clothes and a pair of over shoes and bring Grandma a nice new dress and Grandpa a pair of shoes and I would like some nuts and oranges and some candy I go to Sunday school.

Goodbye
WILLIAM BALDWIN.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Old Santa—

I want a doll and three chairs, a table, pair of stocking. Goodbye.

From your little friend,

DOROTHY EASLEY.

Dec. 17.

Dear Santa

I am a little boy and I want a sack of brown sugar, a scarf pin a nice little girl that lives on a street in town to go to see every Sunday night and three times a week.

Your little boy,

BATTY NEWHOUSE.

Old Mexico's Christmas Eve

Christmas in Mexico lasts for nine days, ending with Christmas eve. They are described as "the nine days' wanderings," being symbolical of the wanderings of the Virgin Mary and Joseph in search of shelter prior to the birth of Jesus.

One custom is to have nine families of friends or relatives take part in this quaint observation. Each family entertains in turn for one evening all the others. Both adults and children participate in the wanderings. Arriving at a house for shelter, which is refused by those within. Finally all are admitted to the largest room, where refreshments of cold meats, cakes and wine are served. In many instances the children are garbed in fanciful costumes.

The last night of the wanderings, Christmas eve, means to Mexican children



EACH BLINDFOLDED CHILD TRIES TO HIT THE PINATA.

dren want the gathering of Christmas tree fruit means to the children of the United States, though there is no Christmas tree. There is instead the pinata, otherwise a human figure made of tough paper, suspended from the ceiling. Sometimes there is an olla or earthenware pot similarly suspended.

One child is blindfolded, turned around a few times and invited to break the pinata with a cane or rod. Three strokes are permitted, and it usually happens that the cane hits only impalpable air. After an hour or so of failures somebody hits the pinata a smart blow, and the legs and trunk of the grotesque figure split open. Down to the floor, in scattering confusion, fall the Christmas presents with which the funny figure was stuffed. Then there is a merry scramble for the "favors." The one who succeeds in breaking the pinata or the olla gets a special present and is placed in the seat of honor for the evening.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy 3 years old. I live 4 miles south east of Rushville. I want a Horn and a Wagon and a Rocking Chair, some Candy, Oranges and Bananas and Santa please bring me a boy doll. Please don't forget my little cousin in Kentucky. Good by.

Your little boy,

DWIGHT LYMAN HINNES.

R. R. 12, Rushville, Ind.

Milroy, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus—

I thought I would write you a letter to let you know what I want you to bring me for this Christmas. I want a gun and a toy train and some candy and oranges and nuts and a watch and chain. I want you to bring me a story book. Sure thing I do. I am in the fourth grade. I am eleven years old and go to the Milroy school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Flora O. Harecourt. This is all this time. With wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

ARTHUR SCHEIBLER.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school in District No. 1 Rushville T. P. I want for Xmas a knife and some candy and nuts and oranges. I want a writing desk. This is all. I will close. Your little friend,

BERT J. HANKINS.

I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Milroy, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus, I thought I would write to you. I'm in the fifth grade. I am twelve years old. I go to the Milroy school, my teachers name is Flora O. Harecourt. Well Santa, I want you to bring an air gun, a story book, and a slate. We are going to have a dialog Christmas. I have two goats and a pony. Well I forgot to tell you that I wanted some candy, lemons and some nuts. Well Santa this is all I want. I will close. Goodbye.

From RUSSELL SCHEIBLER.

I wish you a happy Christmas and a happy new year.

Dear Santa—

I am going to tell you what I want for Xmas. I want a doll who's head will shake like I do mine, a baby cab and you might bring me a teddy bear and I can read, so you can bring me some books and I like you in the same old way.

Your friend,

NELLA CLIFON.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am eight years old. Please bring me a doll bed, a new dress and a book. And my sister Josephine wants a picture book, a doll and doll cart, and a set of dishes. And please bring us candy, nuts and oranges.

Good by,

MARY JUNKEN.

December 18, 1908.

Dear Santa Claus—

Please bring me a silver watch, and a pair of stocking, necktie.

Goodbye,

Your friend,
HESTER CARON.

Dear Santa—

I am six years old and please bring me a red engine and a story book and a game, a Christmas tree.

Good bye.

Your friend,
CYRIL CARON.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 17, '08.

My Darling Santa.

I am a little boy 21 years old and a good little boy too, only papa and mama scold me sometimes and maybe you can help me out. I want a new suit for Christmas for I am tired of wearing dresses, and a little gun and that's all this time.

From a little Prince,

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

Bring to my shop.

Dear Santa—

I thought I would let you no what I want for Xmas. I want a teddy bear, a story book. You know what kind of a book I want.

Your friend,

AGNES HIGGS.

Milroy, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus. Bring me a hobby horse and a doll and some rubber boots and some candy and gun and nuts and oranges. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. My teacher is Miss Emma Terhune. I go to the Milroy school. And this is all I want. Good by.

From LUCIEN SCHEIBLER.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18.

Dear good old Santa—

Please bring me a fishing pole and a miney bucket and a fur cap. Be sure and remember my friend Dennis O'Neal too. Now please don't forget the fur cap.

Your little boy,

JOE DEMMER.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 17.

Dear Santa

I am a little girl 12 years old and I want you to bring me a rubber doll some teddy bears, a little rocking chair, a nice little read headed, freckled face boy for Christmas.

Your little girl,

GRACE KENNER.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18

Dear Santa—

I am a little boy five years old. I will tell you what I would like to have for Xmas.

I would like to have a hobby horse, bring my baby brother a rubber doll.

Your little friend,

LOREN DALE WOODS.

511 N. Arthur St.

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by Frank J. Bonnelle

How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house high it, the then full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands, that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore has poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a latter sensation as grateful as they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

December 18, 1908.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus—

I am a little boy and have a little brother named John. I want an Indian suit and a pistol, a drum, some trapeze performers and a book. John wants a drum, a ball, a doll and a little piano. Also some candy and nuts and fruit for both of us.

Yours with love,

WALTON SCOTT.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little girl 8 years old. I want to tell you what I want for Christmas. Please bring me a big doll, a story book and a new dress and hair ribbon and a bracelet. Please do not forget Mamma and Papa.

Good bye.

Your little girl,

MAURILLIA ROTH.

R. R. No. 4.

Rushville, Ind.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy 8 years old. I want a rubber doll and a set of dishes and a go-cart and nuts and candy and oranges and bananas.

Goodbye, dear Santa Claus.

Your old friend,

FRANK STELLEY.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18.

Dear Santa—

I want a sweater, a cap, a nice necktie, a pair of Indian gloves, a Brownie book. That is all.

Goodbye

DARREL HUNGERFORD.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy 7 years old. I live in the country. I will tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a pair of ice skates, a French harp. And I have a brother, Eli. He wants ice skates, candy, book. And I have a little sister Lavon. Please bring her a doll. Please bring all of us some candy, some oranges, some nuts.

Say Santa Claus, please don't forget Grand ma for she is sick and can not walk. Bring her something nice.

Your little friend,

RAY LUCAS.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.

I am a little girl 9 years old.

I would like to have a doll, candy oranges bananas and a Christmas tree and a trunk, a sled, nuts, pair of shoes.

LIZZIE MAY BARNES.

1021 N. Oliver st.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18.

Dear Santa—

I would like to have a Doll baby, a pair of gloves, a set of furs, a little trunk and a bracelet. Hoping you will bring all these things I remain—

Your little girl,

OPAL HUNGERFORD.

Rushville, Ind.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little girl 8 years old. I want a rubber doll and a set of dishes and a table and a story book and a cab for my doll and a bed for it and some candy and nuts and oranges. Good bye dear old Santa Claus.

Your old friend,

MARILLA ROTH.

Henderson, Ind.

Dearest Santa—

I am a little boy 5 years old. My cousin Inez is learning me how to spell in my Primer. I would like to have a new hobby horse and a set of blocks with the A B C's on them, and some oranges and candies.

Goodbye,

ELMER WILKINSON.

Please don't forget my little cousin Marie. She wants a doll with open and shut eyes.

Rushville, Ind.

Dear Santa

Bring me one of those little red wagons so I can haul tatoes to the celer for maw.

That is all.

Goodbye,

ALBERT SCHRICHTE.

Dec. 18.

Dear Santa Claus.

Please bring me a foot ball and that interesting book—4th reader.

Goodbye, Your friend

JEROME CARON.

December 17, 1908.

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little girl 8 years old. I have a little sister 4 years old. I have missed a day at school. We live in the country. Mamma said that she didn't think we would get much this time, so I thought that I would right you a letter and ask you about it.

I would like for you to bring us a nice doll or some toys, just whatever you have to bring. We will be glad to get whatever you bring. I will close, hoping to hear from you.

Your little friend. Goodbye.

BERTHA LUCAS.

Route 8 Rushville.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 18.

Dear Santa.

I want you to bring me some anti-fat a teddy bear a gun a little big long short fat boy, a fat boy a foot ball and a jewel case. I am ten years old.

Your little girl,

Noble Myers

NOBLE MYERS.

Rushville, Dec. 18, 1908.

Dear Santa—

I am a boy 6 years old and I want a horn, a drum and a baby cab and a rubber dol and don't forget some oranges and candy and nuts. Goodbye.

Your friend,

HARRY HACKMAN.

Glenwood, Ind., Dec. 18, 1908.

Dear Santa—I am a little girl five years old. Have a little boy doll that I call Jim Watson.

Will you please bring him a Russian suit, an overcoat, a little iron bed, like the one I saw at Maunzy & Denning's, some bed clothes and an A B C book. You will find me at Grandpa Gregg's at Zionsville Xmas eve. I will promise to be a good girl and not peep.

Your little girl,

KATHLEEN MCKEE.

Mays Ind., Dec. 17.

Dear Santa Claus.

We are two little boys and have been awfully good so you'd better come to our house. Bring me a train of cars with a track to run on, and Veril an automobile and a pair of glasses with leather around them. We live in the same house but Verile's stockings are bigger than mine. Our friend George Adams is a little baby boy he wants a doll baby so he can call it Mabel.

Don't forget us,

GUY KOONTZ & VERLIE CHANCE

Rushville, Ind.

Dear Santa Claus—

I want a horn and a drop and a little engin and some cars to, and a little jumping jack and a rifle and a station to and a cow that you bend its head and it will make a noise.

Your little friend,

JOHN MOORE, Jr.

I am 5 years old.

Dec. 18,

Dear Santa.

I am a little boy 8 years old I want you to bring me a ring a pipe a little bed big enough for two and some candy oranges and peanuts also a head of cabbage.

Your little boy,

ELL JINKS.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 16.

Dear Santa Claus I am a little boy 7 years old I want a bicycle and a rifle and a box of shots and some candy and nuts and oranges.

Goodbye Dear Old Santa,

REX EUBANK.

Rushville, Ind.

Dear Santa

Bring me one of the little red wagons and electric engine and a little doll

That is all,

your friend,

DONALD MYERS.

Dear Santa Clause

Please bring me a doll and cab and bring Bunie Conley a teddy bear. Bring Hazel McCann a set of dishes and Ethel Small a pair of wooden roller syates.

Your friend

BESSIE NEWMAN.

Santa Claus in Grass Valley

One town in the United States has a practical and apparently perpetual Santa Claus. In Grass Valley, Cal., everybody gets Christmas gifts. There is no child so poor as to be disappointed when Santa passes his bounties around, and, for that matter, no grown person either. Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Hansen of Grass Valley was an invalid, confined to her chair at the window of her cottage. She watched the school children troop by. Some of them were scantily clad and looked ill nourished. The good woman forgot her own misfortune in her compassion for the unfortunate little ones. She suggested that on the last day of school before the Christmas holidays each child should bring to school something to give away to others. It need not be anything big or costly—just whatever the child could spare. A committee was to distribute the things where they were most needed. So many little ones and their parents were made happy the first Christmas that Grass Valley adopted the idea permanently. Now for a quarter of a century Mrs. Hansen's improved Santa Claus system has been in working order, though long ago the good woman herself was released from her chair of pain and laid to rest in the town cemetery.

When the last day of school in the old year arrives—called donation day in Grass Valley—every child of the more than 1,000 in the schools is seen trudging teacherward with an offering. Later the town's brass band heads the procession, dispensing appropriate mu-



HERE AND THERE A BOY BEARS A LIVE CHICKEN.

sic. Some of the children carry sticks of wood as big as themselves; others hold only a fat potato in their chubby fingers. Here and there a boy bears aloft a live chicken, cackling and struggling. At the rear of the walkers follows a line of wagons laden with good things donated by the merchants and other well to do citizens. Suppose it rains? Well, that doesn't matter. The children march, rain or shine. Santa Claus is not deterred by inclement weather—not in Grass Valley.

IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE

By Eugene Miller, who was agreeably surprised after making close observations in the Emerald Isle. An interesting letter.

Killarney, Ireland.

I called at Ireland to see its scenery, expecting little from its people and less from the country in a way of interest. On the contrary, I find it a busy, enterprising land with a people most energetic and interesting, and a history that commands my respect.

I cannot hope to give you in detail an account of my wanderings, much less can I portray the thousands of impressions that I am given each day. I wrote you yesterday morning from Queenstown where I landed at 8:45. Queenstown has little of interest for American travelers. The harbor there is good, being some eight miles long and extending inland that distance to the famous city of Cork. There is a Roman Catholic cathedral at the former city of great size and of greater beauty. It was builded from subscriptions of American money taken up in the States among the Catholic people. The internal architecture is beautiful. At the front, back of the altar, and standing some twenty-five feet in height, is a masterpiece of present day sculpture work. The image is of Christ on the cross with Mary and the other two in attendance at the feet of the dying Savior. Internally the cathedral is of Roman architecture. The ceiling is oval and at a height of some sixty-five feet. Externally the architecture appears to me decidedly Gothic in its designs.

I walked about the town a bit and found it characteristic of the Irish town or city. Here the country is so small and population so great, that there is hardly land enough to furnish food for the people. As a consequence the towns are condensed, so to speak, into as small a territory as possible. The houses are low, built adjoining one another in a continuous line, with no front yards and an extremely small back yard. All alleys are used as streets, being very narrow and lined on either side, as are the main streets, with houses and store rooms. I have not seen a dwelling house, save those of large land owners, that are over one story and a half high. From the city you jump directly into the country, there being no straggling houses as in the commons of our American villages.

A farm of sixty acres is considered very large. Not an inch of ground is wasted. The fences are all stone and about three feet and a half high. Very little wheat and corn is raised here, the two being imported largely from the United States. The entire land that is tilled is laid off very symmetrically, which causes even the fields of two and three acres (a field of that size is large, to rival our best American garden patches in exactness and beauty).

The country is hilly or decidedly rolling, with mountains in the southwestern and extreme northern portions. It looks peculiar to see such wonderful crops growing on land so rocky. Every rock as it works to the top of the ground is picked up and used on the fences and roads. As you drive along and look from one small hill across a shallow valley to another, the opposite slope looks exactly as a crazy quilt, the stone fences running in all directions, giving that appearance. To add to the same picture, you may look at one of these hillsides and see in the various fields six or eight different shades of green. Hence the name "The Emerald Isle." To describe it all in a few words, the farming land is beautiful, but of an artificial beauty. It appears natural, and is so to the Irishman, but to an American resembles more one of our beautiful parks. The trees are all small, being more like bushes, except in the mountainous regions, where they grow to great heights.

The roads are absolutely the best I ever saw. A slightly elevated foot path runs for miles along every road in the country. Bicycles are by far more numerous than I ever saw in America.

During the time of the invasion of Ireland by the Britons, Cromwell destroyed all the beautiful castles and abbeys throughout the land, confiscated the lands, taking them from the hands of the native Irishmen and giving them to the soldiers. The soldiers were anxious to realize what money from them they could, and so

they sold them at a very low rate to different Irish lords who happened to have ready cash. The whole of Ireland was thus owned by a comparatively few of these lords. In turn these men rented the lands at a crown (98 cents) an acre to the poor inhabitants. Much of the land was at that time after the invasion in a very poor condition. When the tenants improved the land, then the lords would come around to them and exact more tariff or rent. This caused great dissatisfaction among the working classes and insurrections were prevented several times only by the greatest vigilance. And so the lords continued to prey upon the very lives of the farmers until they were dying of starvation in many sections. At last the government took a hand in the affair. It raised the money by borrowing and purchased a great part of the land from the controlling lords and then sold it out in small farm lots to the people, giving them twenty-one years to pay for their farms. In almost every case it has taken about that time for the people to make their living and pay for their lands, so you may well see how the financial stringency is in Ireland.

The average workman in Ireland receives one shilling twelve pence per day, or 36 cents in U. S. currency. The towns are so close together that you pass into another while on the train almost before you have left the one; the average distance is two miles; all the people walk and think nothing of walking through three or four towns to another eight or ten miles away. Because of that fact they have the sidewalks at the side of the roads. The people have terribly large feet, and when seen dangling at the end of legs enclosed in form-fitting pants, look very peculiar indeed.

I never saw as many children in all my life; they are running loose everywhere. It is a bit chilly here now, but the kids, even little babies, are all bare-footed and bare-headed.

At Cork I went through St. Patrick's Cathedral and Queens college. I found both very pretty, but the college far behind our American institutions in regard to equipments. From reading two or three of the Cork newspapers I gathered that the question of the un-employed is a great question in Ireland. The government furnishes thousands of pounds each year in order to save many people from starvation; they are all willing to work but can find nothing to do. The situation is just this,—the country is not sufficiently large to supply the wants of its inhabitants; the people have outgrown the country; thousands of them would leave for the United States if they could get the money to go on, and many of those who do go, work and save for several years in order to make enough for their passage. With all this Ireland has the most gay and least care-stricken, and the most happy people that you can imagine; those who find work, just want enough to live on, and those who live on the government are equally satisfied.

I have spoken so extensively of the people that I fear I have neglected the most picturesque side of the Island. From Cork I drove out to Blarney Castle, a distance of six miles. This castle and Muckross Abbey (of which I speak later) were both largely demolished by Cromwell during the invasion. The castle was built in 1446 and stands on the side of an abrupt hill, one side going down with a valley and the other being on the hill top—(same principle as a banked barn.) Most castles were built in that manner so that the high side would be practically impregnable, and the soldiers in the fortifications could thus concentrate their efforts on the hill top side; a smaller body of men could thus hold the walls than if the attack came from all sides. To quote from Byron the castle stands "A noble wreck in ruinous perfection." It is 100 feet high on the top side and 155 feet on the valley side. It is of the architecture of the castles of the Middle Ages, having battlements on top and many very narrow windows to enable the archers to shoot through and at the same time receive protection. As I stated Cromwell destroyed parts of it and it now lays in

the hands of one Lord Coulter, a wealthy landowner whose castle stands back of the old one at a distance of two or three hundred yards. The Famous Blarney Stone of Ireland is simply one of the bottom stones of the battlement on top of the castle, and is nothing in itself.

From Cork I came directly to Killarney, a village of 6000 people. Cork has a population of 90,000. Killarney is on the three Killarney lakes, famed the world over for their beauty. To one of these lakes the bottom has never been found; they are small (about three by five miles each) and lie embossed in the mountains which rise above them from 1500 to 3000 feet. The lakes are dotted with little stone islands of about half acre each in size. One of these islands is the original home of the white mouse. On another stands the remains of a small monastery used about the year 1590 by the Franciscan monks as a retreat. There are many wild deer among the mountains; the lakes themselves lie principally on a large and very picturesquely romantic domain belonging to an Irish lord, and a large land owner. It is the most beautiful spot that I have ever seen. The trees are mostly evergreen (holly being very common) and are in great abundance. Upon this domain is an old church known as the Muckross abbey, of which I spoke above. It was builded in 1346, and later belonged to the Papacy and was inhabited by the Franciscan monks. Likewise this abbey was partially destroyed by Cromwell. In the main court yard stands a large yew tree 350 years old planted by one of the monks. It now extends out of the top of the enclosure and spreads over a large part of the ruined abbey. In the minor tomb chamber, to which there is now no roof, and extending around the walls are tablets 70 by 100 feet in dimensions. Some of the earliest tablets date back to 1390 and bear the unmistakable earmarks of the language of that time, which was influenced largely by the master mind, Chaucer. The language can be traced on down through the centuries; some show that they were written during the age of Elizabeth in and about 1600. Others seem marked by the influence of Greene and Marlow, but the crowning beauty of it all is to be found on the tablets of the latter part of the 17th and the first part of the 18th century. At that time the cry of the reading people was, "back to nature," and headed by Keats, Colridge, Byron, Shelley, and those of the Romantic School the greatest writings were created that have ever spoken the joys and sorrows of a passionate nature loving people.

I jotted down one of these tablets that I might commit it. I give it to you now, and if it affects you as it did me, as I stood there amid the broken arches and decayed walls of the ancient abbey, you must needs say that it carries the most beautiful sentiment and complimentary tribute that could be paid any woman, it runs:

Here in the hope of a glorious resurrection
Repose the remains of
MARY
The wife of Thomas Gallereil of Killarney.
Who in her progress through life fulfilled all duties with uniform and exemplary prudence.
Whose respectful love as a daughter,
Whose affectionate kindness as a sister,
Whose fond and provident care as a mother,
Whose encouraging love as a wife,
Were throughout eminently conspicuous.
Combining the discharge of social obligations with piety, edifying yet unobtrusive.
She lived and died a Christian.
To preserve her memory from oblivion.
To preserve the remembrance of her virtues,
For the instruction and imitation of her orphan children,
This stone is erected
By her affectionate and disconsolate husband,
Born March 1758.
Died April 1786.

I believe I never saw the story of a beautiful life summed up in such a master stroke of English.
Well, to come back from past ages to the present 20th century, I leave here tomorrow morning for Dublin, the capital of Ireland. From there I will go to Glasgow where I will await your letter. I sent you my Liverpool and London addresses. I am well and enjoying the trip more than I can tell you. I pray for the good health of you both. As you can see from this letter I will have little time left to write to others. I send you an ocean of love.

A TALE OF THE PIED PIKER

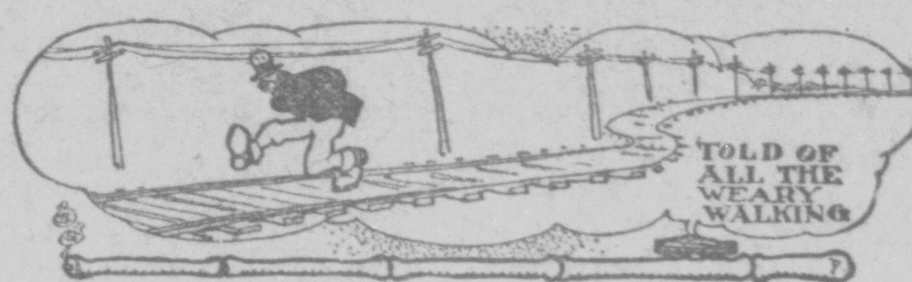
BY RICHARD S. GRAVES.

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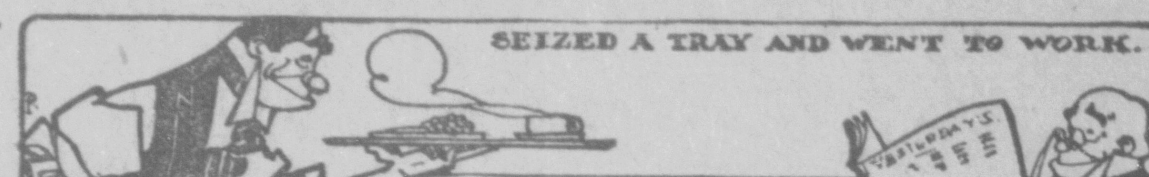
[Being a Christmas story of the biscuit shooter's revenge, which is offered with apologies to the shade of Henry for infringing on his particular style of blank verse and at the same time h'isting one to the memory of the old boy who had everybody else beaten to a pulp and three ways from the jack at this sort of thing.]



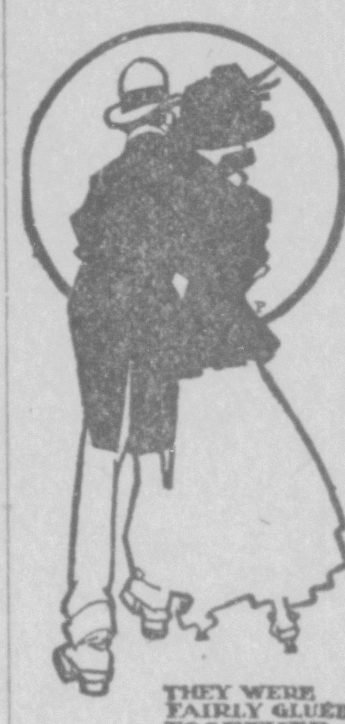
WRESTLING with the pots and kettles,
Shooting biscuits like a ranger
With an aim that was unerring,
Swiftly dealing out the ham-and,
Also beefsteak tough as leather,
Labored daily Minnie Harhar,
Sometimes known as Laughing Waiter,
Jerking sinkers from the cuisine
To the grill room for the hungry,
Working for a measly stipend
Of two-fifty, coming weekly.
One day to that cobwebbed kitchen



Minnie Harhar saw the stranger;
Saw that he was weak and weary;
Took him in and filled him quickly
With the leavings from the tables.
It was in the time of Christmas—
Time of cheer and time of plenty.
Then she sought the boss and told him
Of the stranger in the kitchen—
Told him of the weary walking
All the way from Kansas City,
Where the stranger had been fired from
Just because he had got jagged and
Could not work at biscuit shooting.



Then the stranger seized a tray and
Went to work with Minnie Harhar,
Dodging cops until she helped him
Get a more befitting raiment,
And the philanthropic movement
Set her back just seven-fifty.
Then he got a shave and hair cut
And a bottle of loud perfume.

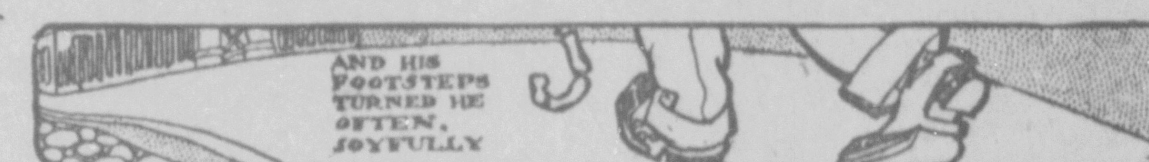


Thus equipped to make a conquest,
He threw googoo eyes at Minnie—
Threw them hard and threw them often
Until finally she wilted.
Then he took her, unresisting,
In his arms and hugged and kissed her.
He was hers and she was his'n
For a week or ten days, maybe,
Until he had met another
Out upon the public highway—
Met a gazelle with a light step



And a smile that put him bughouse.
She was working in a chop joint
Farther down toward the river,
And his footsteps turned he often
Joyfully in that direction.
Just as soon as work was over
With the gazelle he would wander.
They were fairly glued together
As they walked and chinned each other,
All unknown to Minnie Harhar,

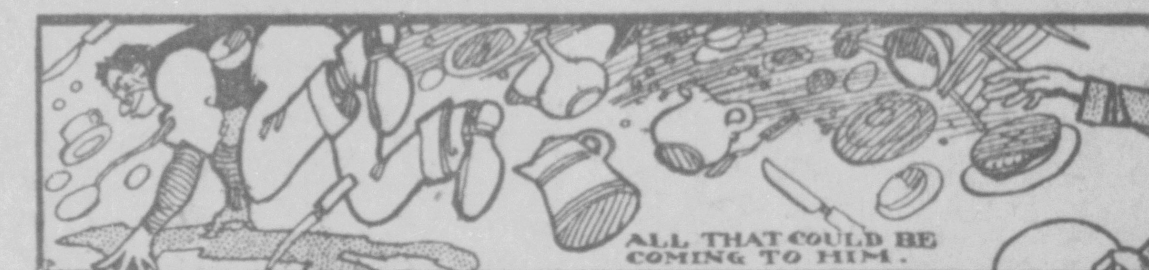
And they'd take their beer quite often
In the wine room at O'Kelley's.
Christmas days were soon forgotten,
And the loan he'd got from Minnie
From his memory fast was fading.



One day Minnie Harhar saw them
Sauntering along together,
And the air was fairly reeking
With the stickiness of love talk.
Minnie caught on very quickly,
Saw which way the wind was blowing,
But refrained from taking action.

Sure, she could have bawled him out then,
And the gazelle would have shared it,
But would that have helped to get her
Any of the seven-fifty
She'd invested in his raiment?
Minnie Harhar pondered deeply,
Made a sneak and held her temper.

When he came to work
at evening
Minnie Harhar sprung
it on him,
Boned him for the seven-fifty,



Saying he must dig up quickly
Or she'd put him out of business.
Waiting then for half a minute,

Minnie saw he was not coming
Through with any sum of money.
In the use of the invective

Minnie Harhar was not slouchy.
Into him she threw it swiftly,
Like the hot soup from the ladle.
In the choicest chophouse language
Minnie then addressed the piker—
Said he was a chump and welsher,
Also cheap screw, phony, moocher;
Called him two spot, bloke and wuzzer,
Said he was a yap from Yapville
And a skate from down the river.

Minnie also shied utensils,
Using them for punctuation;
Hurled a plate with such precision
That it spoiled his face forever;
Slammed a stove lid on his stomach,
Pot of beans against his bosom;
Hit him with the mashed potatoes
And a fricassee of chicken.
All the time the guests were dodging
Round the tables in the grill room.

Pans and plates were flying wildly,
Walls were spattered with their contents,
While the boss had taken refuge
In a corner, with a table
Upturned there to shield and hide him.
And the piker, he was hiking
Fast around the room and dodging,
But at every throw was getting
All that could be coming to him.
Everything was thrown by Minnie,



All that she could lay her hands on.
Nothing else was there remaining
But a pie; 'twas made of custard.
This she seized without a tremor.
With a cry she sent it hurtling
Through the air, and safe it landed
On the visage of the piker.
With his face all plastered over,
Surely he was out of business

Until he had eaten through it.
Then outside the door he ambled—
Exit pie and farewell piker.
In the art of roughhouse making
Minnie Harhar cleans the platter.
Trifling some with her affections
Is not now considered healthful.
And the piker who has tried it?
It is best that he be nameless.



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Vol. 5. No. 241.

Rushville, Indiana, Tuesday Evening, December 22, 1908.

Christmas Edition—SECTION TWO

LETTERS BY GROWNUPS

What the "Big Boys" Want in Their Sock—They Write to Santa.

VERNE NORRIS—

All I want, Santa, is to beat Tom McWhinney a game or two of billiards. I will hang up my socks that have holes in them if you will give me that privilege and pleasure.

WALLACE MORGAN—

All I want is not to be laden with any ten-day trials like the white-capping cases, but if they do come, I will be loaded for them with cast iron knucks. Would also like to trade off, with some other good boy, a pleasant countenance for a determined look to wear while on duty.

DICK WILSON—

I don't want much for Christmas, but I want all I can carry home when I go out the turf next season with the best string of hoes that ever looked through bridle. I want to tote off enough yellow backs to paper my barn with, or a pile of money so large that a greyhound could not jump over it.

WILL MOFFETT—

I want to be a big chief and make everybody "take water." And take it where I say the flames are raging. I also want a cushion to sit on, 'cause, Santa, I get so tired hanging around the council chamber trying to lobby for appropriations for fire fighting apparatus.

ED. FOLSOM—

I don't want you to give many of the boys ear muffs, for I want them to hear when I "talk it over" with them. I want also the power to instill in the hearts of men that honesty is not the best policy, but that the policy I offer is the best.

SAM. TRABUE—

I want a patent whistle to hang on my whiskers when the wind blows through. Would also like a chestnut colt to match them in color. Also leave me some orange blossom sprouts and a bottle of nerve tonic.

JOHN FREEMAN—

I want so many things I don't know where to begin. I want some cuff, bologna and golf links and a country club. Would also like for people to know I don't wear a wig. It is only the way the hair facescape gardner trims my locks on the side.

J. B. REEVES—

I want some flower seeds, but I don't want the kind Congress sends out, that turns out to be sweet potato vines. If you will give me a nice, conservative auto I will furnish my own gasoline next summer.

CAPT. J. K. GOWDY—

First and foremost I want Watson to be governor four years from now. Next to that my heart is set on farming and I am interested in the people of Rush county. Give me and them what you see fit—only keep up the good work for the farmer.

FRANK WILSON—

I want you to leave some new style as a substitute for the "straight lines and angles" the country is crazy about. My shape calls for curves and plumpy shapiness. Give me a couple of bird dogs, another mare that will keep pace with Aileen Wilson, a vacation in the good, old summer time—and the world can have the rest.

JOHN A. TITSWORTH—

I want a Chautauqua, lots of good Men's Meetings, a public park and the world to recognize that the best looking girls on earth are found among the country school teachers. Don't want any more eight-day ditch cases while I am county attorney. Put a solution of the brick paving question in my sock—and give one to everybody else that is interested.

PHIL WILKS—

Have it heralded from the house tops that my name was one of the very few in the last work by Hanly—the tabloid law book, along with the county option law. Also want a patent on hauling employees to and from work and how to get all there is in a man without discommoding him in the least.

JIMMY WATSON—

The last time I hung up my stocking you filled it with mud. Now that it is again empty, I will tell you what I want. I don't want a cabinet job, either kitchen or state, but I want to be either Senator, governor, or even vice-president next time would suffice. After that all I want is the presidency. In the meantime, I would like to take on some law suits and am sorrow to decline the proffer to represent Roosevelt in his suit against the Indianapolis News.

DORA BETKER—

Man wants but little here below, said the fellow in the bottom of the well, but I will take all I can get. I am a gnat on untying and tying packages, so I don't care how many you leave. Would also like a neat volume—or a big volume—on "Hoo-sier Taylor." That would "suit" me.

JABE SMITH—

Would like to have the county commissioners give me the honey privileges of the court house tower ball. Want a little gun, drum, flag and some more pictures to hang up in the Smithsonian institute art gallery. Good night, Santa. They say I look something like you.

FON RIGGS—

Give me another good horse show, some politics, horse back weather, good shows, lots of things on in Rushville, some church doings, plenty of compliments about the old town abroad, a pair of house slippers to use while I play on my piano player, and I will be happy ever afterwards.

EARL PAYNE—

I would like to have a carnation named after me. Also want a book of Chauncy Dispute After Dinner Talks. A lap robe to use when I ride with Billy King; some green backs, in and out of season, both frogs and paper money and just enough time from my work to go and see a good show once in a while and attend State lodge meetings as a delegate.

WILL McCOLGIN—

I have had enough work and play for the past eight years, all I want now is practice. Send me a nice, new shingle and some paint. Also an honorable discharge from politics—not a furlough—as I am now going to be affiliated with the professional and business world hereafter.

OWEN L. CARR—

Give me a sombrero and a strong constitution—leave the rest to me. If I keep my health, I will have my share of the Lone Star State before the gong taps for the last round. Will trade my green hat off for a good six shooter.

DOUGLAS MORRIS—

A couple more collars and neckties like John Hancock wore. Would also like to have a new grip but I don't want another black one with a round looking glass on each side. Two pounds of Piper Heidsieck and I am fixed.

(A number of other Santa Claus letters by the "Grown-ups" will be found on page two of the supplement today.)

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

We know that people are quite often at a loss to know what to give as a present at Christmas time. When the relative or friend lives at a distance, perhaps in some other city, county or State, the perplexity is increased. Allow us to suggest a suitable present that will be highly appreciated and a gentle reminder 312 times a year of your loving kindness and liberality. Send them the Daily Republican.

BASKETS FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER

One of the most gracious, and what will probably be the most appreciative part of Christmas to many in this city is the movement of the local Salvation Army Corps to furnish dinners for the worthy poor. It is arranged to give out twenty-five baskets, groaning in their wicker sides with good things to eat. The Salvation Army people are asking that the citizens assist in this undertaking that it will be a success. Solicitors, in the persons of those directly interested in the work, have been about the city for the past two weeks and have met with generous contributions on all sides. However, there cannot be too much, and very easily, not enough, so if any one feels inclined to share in making Xmas more merry for some poor soul, they are requested to telephone Capt. John Knapp, and he will send a messenger after the contribution.

YULETIDE MUSINGS

BY MRS. E. H. M. BERRY

"Once more the sweet chimes are singing;

What does their melody say?
It happily tells the story
How the world is glad today;
A story old as the ages
Told o'er and o'er again
Repeating on earth glad tidings
Of peace and good will to men."
Margarea Scott Hall.

So let us make much of the Christmas time. With its spirit in our hearts, our greetings will be full of simple love and tender regard. Let us say the nice things we think while those we think them of, may yet hear them—sweet words are far more precious now, than said over "folded hands."

Surely when the stars could sing over the joy given to earth—it must be a time for loving deeds and sweet

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY PLACES

Christmas in the country places—
There you see the rosy faces;
There the joy—the world entranced,
Joy that sets the world a-dancin'
Fine an' free the life-blood races—
Christmas in the country places.
Glad enough to hear it hummin';
Waited long to see it comin';
Knows the place where we're a-stayin'
Fine to spend a holiday in!
There is where amazin' grace is—
Christmas in the country places.
City has the good time, too,
Yet, the country calls to you;
There it is you want to roam
In the frosty fields of "Home,"
Hearty handshakes, friendly faces—
Christmas in the country places!
Pile the ample oak logs higher!
Room for one more at the fire!
Same old tales of long ago—
Tell 'em!—for we love 'em so!
All life's trouble joy effaces
Christmas in the country places!

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus Was Introduced Into America By the Dutch of Holland

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
—Longfellow.

The celebration of Christmas as a special festival is said to have begun in the first century, and during the life of the Apostle John one tradition of the church accredits him with inaugurating the custom.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2d, or Candlemas day.

In France it is a common practice to celebrate Christmas by giving an extra ration to all domestic animals on the theory that all creatures should rejoice at this season.

In the fourth century, the celebration of Christmas was fixed by the Latin church for December 25. Before that time it had been a movable festival, like Easter.

Santa Claus was introduced into America by the Dutch of Holland. He is the American representation of the German Knecht Rupert.

Among the English common people Christmas is lucky when Saturday is the day of the Nativity.

Christmas mince pies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were made with the coffin-shaped crusts, to represent the manger.

In Silesia there is a superstition that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer, or he

will become a thief. (He may be both.)

In all States Christmas is a legal holiday, and in South Carolina the two following days are also holidays.

The leaves proper to use in Christmas decorations are those of holly, mistletoe, laurel and rosemary.

In Spain it is believed by the common people that the ants hold religious services on Christmas day.

The Eastern church formerly observed Christmas on January 6th.

In old England, Plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner.

The customs of giving presents on Christmas day is general throughout the Christian world.

James Whitecomb Riley says of Christmas:

A word of Godspeed, and good cheer.
To all on earth, or far or near,
Or friend or foe, or thine or mine
In echo of the voice Divine
Heard when the star bloomed forth
and lit
The world's face with God's smile
on it.

And then we have Mark Twain Good bless his cheerful old soul, who gives up the following words of Christmas cheer:

"It is my heart-warm and world embracing hope and aspiration that all of us—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the admired, the despised, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savaged—may eventually be gathered together in heaven of everlasting rest, and peace, and bliss except the inventor of the telephone."

NOW LOOK IN YOUR ATTIC AND SEE

The ladies of St. Paul's M. E. church, following their usual custom will collect all the clothing possible to give to the poor of Rushville on Christmas. Anyone having any clothes that they feel they can give, are requested to bring or send such articles to the church on next Thursday. It will be placed in a home where it will make some sad heart happy.

THIS CHRISTMAS

This is not going to be a hip, hip, hurrah Christmas in Rushville—and so much the better. What of it, if we don't have Christmas entertainments and places to go on that day of days! Of course, they are all very nice, and all that sort of thing, but the— Say, did you ever try spending a Christmas at home; surrounded by the children and old folks, and then celebrate the occasion in the true spirit? Did you ever stop to think "why is Christmas?" It is a day of remembering the birth of the King of Kings. Observe it accordingly, and you will be happier by so doing.

—Rev. R. W. Abberley went to Cincinnati today to attend a meeting of the foreign Missionary Society.

Dr. Brovard, president of Moore's Hill college, will address the meeting of the Men's Social Union of the St. Paul M. E. church in the parlors of the church Friday, January 8th.

FROM AN OLD LADY.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am an old lady 88 years old
and I live on the banks of Flat-rock. I would like to have a Carnegie library, a new theater, a union depot, Main street paved, a city hall and anything else you have left.

MRS. RUSH VILLE.

XMAS THOUGHTS

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding pie: nor do we dream of after ills, of squills and pills and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stocking.

A pessimist is a fellow who would not hang up his stocking for fear Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't take it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one "good stiff punch."

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas and she will tell you the bargain sale afterwards.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it) here's wishing you may not feel blue for having got the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

Besides the 70,000 horsepower used in the turbines of one great new Atlantic liner the electricity consumed by the vessel, supplied by four generators, represents an additional 2144 horsepower.

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Tuesday Night
Dec. 22d
Prices 25c, 35c 50c
Watch for the Cowboy Band

The
Old Reliable

GRAND

NEW DEAL FOR VENEZUELAN

The Castro Ministry Has Been Replaced.

GOMEZ MAKES A CLEAN SWEEP

Vice President to Whom Castro Hand- ed Over the Reins of Government Before Starting on European Trip Has Established a New Government by Turning Out the President's Ad- visers and Taking to Himself a New Body of Councillors—Washington Hears News of the Reform With the Keenest Satisfaction.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 22.— Vice President J. Vincente Gomez, to whom General Cipriano Castro handed over the presidency on his depart- ure for Europe, has established a new government in Venezuela. He has re- placed the old ministry, the leader of which was Dr. Jose De Jesus Paul, the minister of foreign affairs, who has been the only figure outside of Castro himself in the negotiations that culminated in the ousting of Min- ister De Reus and the severance of diplomatic relations with Holland, with a new body of men who repre- sent various factions in the state and who have figured prominently in var- ious ways in the political history of the country.

Not only has Dr. Paul disappeared from the counsels of the nation, but Dr. Baldo, who is now traveling in Castro's suite abroad, has resigned from his official position as minister of education. General Diego Ferren, the minister of war, who also was war minister in the cabinet of President Gomez in 1906, has been superseded by General Degulio Olivares, who took a prominent part in crushing the re- volutionists six years ago.

NOTED WITH SATISFACTION

Gomez Is Thought to Have Taken Step in Right Direction.

Washington, Dec. 22.—That a new cabinet in Venezuela may have an im- portant bearing on the relations of that country with the United States is the opinion of state department officials who read the press dispatches from Port of Spain, telling of the ap- pointments of Vice President Gomez. This depends, however, on the con- stitution of the new body and whether the vice president and the element composing it are willing and anxious to resume diplomatic negotiations with the United States. The elimination from the new cabinet of those who were closely affiliated with the Castro rule is gratifying to the officials here, who hope that under the new order of things some progress may be made toward the adjudication of the claims of the United States against Venezue- la, which have been pending for so long a time.

If Venezuela under the new dispen- sation shows a disposition to resume diplomatic relations with the United States, the state department would lend its aid in that direction without hesitation. It prefers to be on friendly terms with our South American neighbors. For these reasons the appoint- ment of a new cabinet may have an important bearing on the relations be- tween the two governments.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR READY FOR BUSINESS

Count Von Bernstorff Arrives at Washington Today.

New York, Dec. 22.—Count John Heinrich Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to the United States, with the countess and their daughter, ar- rived last evening by the Hamburg- American liner Amerika, and proceed- ed today to Washington. This is the ambassador's first visit to America, while Countess Von Bernstorff, al- though born in New York, had not been here for twenty-five years. The ambassador looks forward with ex- treme interest to his work in Wash- ington, and has prepared for it by much study.

WOMAN'S STRANGE DEATH

By Singular Chance Her Own Auto Twice Runs Over Her.

Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 22.—Seized with a sinking spell while driving an elec- tric automobile, Mrs. Clara Court- wright, aged sixty years, fell from the machine and was killed. In falling the guiding lever of the machine was swung in such a manner as to cause the machine to circle the street twice, the wheels passing over her body both times and causing internal in- juries from which she died six hours later. Mrs. Courtwright was the wife of O. B. Courtwright, who served several terms in the state legislature.

An Accident, Says Coroner.

San Francisco, Dec. 22.—A coroner's jury has returned a verdict that the death of Chief of Police Biggy, who disappeared from the police launch Patrol while crossing the bay on the night of Nov. 30, was due to acciden- tal drowning.

Mail Exceeds That of Last Year.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—More than a mil- lion Christmas letters and parcels, ag- gregating in weight 250 tons, passed through the Chicago postoffice yester- day. The business is said to be lar- gely in excess of last year's holiday rush.

WILFLEY STARTS HOME

Rufus H. Thayer New United States Judge in China.

Shanghai, Dec. 22.—Lebbeus R. Wilfley, who recently resigned as judge of the United States court in China, sailed for the United States to- day on the steamer Manchuria. He



RUFUS H. THAYER.

was tendered a complimentary lunch- eon last evening by leading Americans in the city as well as representatives from various resident European na- tionalities. Judge Wilfley is succeed- ed by Rufus H. Thayer, a well-known lawyer of Washington.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR READY FOR BUSINESS

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COUNT VON BERNSTORFF.

ed today to Washington. This is the ambassador's first visit to America, while Countess Von Bernstorff, al- though born in New York, had not been here for twenty-five years. The ambassador looks forward with ex- treme interest to his work in Wash- ington, and has prepared for it by much study.

NIGHT RIDER TRIAL

The State Has Made Rapid Progress in Presenting Its Case.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 22.—The state practically completed its case against the eight alleged night riders on trial for the murder of Captain Ran- ken, when it drew from Frank Fehr- inger, a member of the band, a de- tailed statement, not only of the mur- der itself and those who committed it, but of a score or more of other out- rages. And then, just to add the fin- ishing touches, it called to the stand Mrs. Emma Thurman Johnson, one of the two women known to have been whipped by the band, and had her tell her story.

Chicago's Auto Tragedies.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—In the first eleven months of the year, twenty people were killed in automobile accidents in Chicago, as compared with fifteen for the same months last year, while 327 people were injured but not fatally, as compared with 231 for the same months last year.

Jury Unable to Agree.

Hawesville, Ky., Dec. 22.—The jury in the case of the state against James H. Parrish, an Owensboro banker, charged with receiving a deposit when his bank, the Owensboro Savings Bank and Trust company, was insolvent, re- ported that it could not agree, and was discharged.

New Insurance President.

New York, Dec. 22.—E. B. Ritten- house, insurance commissioner of Col- orado, has been elected president of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York, succeeding Ar- thur G. Langham of Louisville, Ky.

Berlin, Dec. 22.—President Castro of Venezuela has been removed to Dr. Israel's hospital to undergo a course of treatment and dieting.

CARNEGIE TELLS FUNNY STORIES

About All the Tariff Framers Got Out of Iron Master.

EXASPERATED STANDPATTERS

When the Committee Got Through With the Laird of Skiboo They Found That Though They Had Been Treated to Many Funny Stories, They Had Not Been Much Enlight- ened as to the Steel Schedule—Can- ny Scot Made a Most Entertaining if Not Instructive Witness Before Ways and Means Committee.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Andrew Car- negie, famous for the millions he made in the steel business and for his views on economic questions, made a most entertaining, if not instructive, wit- ness before the house ways and means committee in connection with the pro- posed revision of the tariff.

An article on the tariff, especially to the reduction of the steel schedule, written by Mr. Carnegie, recently ap- peared in a monthly magazine. Owing to the statements made in that article, it became the basis for the questions asked by the members of the committee when the hearings on the steel schedule were held.

As the testimony of various steel manufacturers was at variance with the statements made by Mr. Carnegie, the committee invited him to come to Washington and give any information that the committee could use in deter- mining proposed changes in the steel schedule. As Mr. Carnegie declined to accept the invitation, he was sub- poenaed to appear when authority to call witnesses in that manner was granted by congress. Mr. Carnegie was to have been heard nearly two weeks ago, but asked for a postpone- ment, evidently for the purpose of hav- ing the committee secure the testi- mony of other steel magnates first.

Although he was on the stand for nearly eight hours, Mr. Carnegie laughed and joked good-naturedly throughout. He exasperated several of the "stand patters" with his epigrammatic replies, praised the genius of Charles M. Schwab, urged the com- mittee to accept the testimony of Judge E. H. Gary as conclusive, and told several funny stories. He avoid- ed figures, however, to such an extent that it is doubtful if the tariff framers are any more enlightened on the steel question than they were before Mr. Carnegie was sworn in by Chairman Payne.

Mr. Carnegie's principal contention was that the steel industry needs no more protection, that it has reached a point in its development where the American manufacturers can now com- pete with the world under free trade conditions. While he claimed that the cost of labor and production of steel are less in this country than in the other countries producing steel, Mr. Carnegie gave no figures to support his contentions.

He said that Judge Gary told the committee that the United States Steel corporation can get along without a tariff on its products and that should be sufficient evidence for the commit- tee to take off the duty on steel and iron.

Mr. Carnegie's testimony was most unique and interesting, and he fre- quently caused peals of laughter in the crowded room, the joke often be- ing at the expense of the chairman or some other member of the committee. He declared emphatically against combinations or "trusts" and said that he had nothing to do with the sale of the Carnegie Steel company to the United States Steel corporation. He characterized the "stock gambler" as being the worst citizen a country could have, and said that he never had one associated with him in business.

Reiterating frequently that his testi- mony was given from his general knowledge of the steel business and not from any familiarity with the in- tricacies of the costs of manufacture and production at the present time, Mr. Carnegie dealt largely in theories and deductions, stating that he was merely expressing his opinion when his testimony varied from that of Judge Gary and Mr. Schwab. He said that these two gentlemen were very truthful, but that they were interested witnesses and the committee should not place too much stress on figures supplied by "interested witnesses."

Mr. Carnegie evidently enjoyed the cross-fire of questions put to him by both Republican and Democratic mem- bers of the committee, but frequently expressed the regret that he could not cross-examine the members of the committee. He seemed to devote his efforts to making Chairman Payne and Representative Dalzell and Represen- tative Fordney of Michigan uncomfort- able. He called Mr. Dalzell "John" and either gave him such evasive re- plies to his questions or dealt with him in such a manner as to turn an evi- dently serious discussion into a hu- morous one. The member from Penn- sylvania soon subsided into silence.

LOW HOLIDAY RATES

BIG FOUR ROUTE

Tickets on Sale

December 24, 25, good returning December 28, and on sale December 31, 1908, Jan. 1, 1909, good return- ing until Jan. 4th, 1909

For detailed information see Agent "BIG FOUR ROUTE."

H. J. Rhein, G. P. A. Cincinnati. G. P. O. 88 Rep.

I. & C. TRACTION CO.

In Effect November 1st, 1908.

PASSENGER SERVICE.

Trains leave Rushville

West Bound.	East Bound.
5:01 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
6:09 a.m.	6:55 a.m.
*7:01 a.m.	*7:50 a.m.
8:09 a.m.	8:44 a.m.
+9:17 a.m.	+9:36 a.m.
10:09 a.m.	10:44 a.m.
*11:01 a.m.	*11:50 a.m.
12:09 p.m.	12:44 p.m.
*1:01 p.m.	*1:50 p.m.
2:09 p.m.	2:44 p.m.
*3:01 p.m.	*3:50 p.m.
4:09 p.m.	4:44 p.m.
+5:17 p.m.	+5:36 p.m.
6:09 p.m.	6:44 p.m.
8:01 p.m.	8:20 p.m.
10:01 p.m.	10:50 p.m.
12:01 p.m.	12:50 p.m.

+Connorsville Dispatch.

West—9:17 a.m. 5:17 p.m.
East—9:36 a.m. 5:36 p.m.
* Limiteds.

Phones—Ticket office, 1407.
Freight office, 1696.

EXPRESS

FOR DELIVERY AT STATION.

15 Trains Each Way.

For Special Information Call Phones 1407 or 1696.

A tickling or dry cough can be quick- ly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloroform, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold by F. B. Johnson & Co.

ANNABELL.
Use Gold Medal Flour for your pastry.
G.B.R.A.D.S.

Daily Markets

The following are the ruling prices in the Rushville market, corrected to date—December 22, 1908.

GRAIN.

New Wheat \$1.00
Ear Corn, loaded in ear 62
Corn, dumped in elevator 57
Oats, per bushel 45
Timothy seed, per bu \$1.50
Clover seed, per bu 4.50

POULTRY.

Toms 9c
Chickens 7c
Hens, on foot, per pound 7c
Ducks, per pound 7c
Geese, per pound 5c
Turkeys, per pound 12c

PRODUCE.

Eggs, per dozen 35
Butter, country, per pound 17c

A pill in time that will save nine is Ring's Little Liver Pill. For bilious- ness, sick headache, constipation They do not gripe. Price 25c. Sold at Lytle's Drug Store.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, \$1.02; No. 2 red, \$1.04. Corn—No. 2, 57c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 48c. Hay—Clover, \$10.00 @ 11.00; timothy, \$12.50 @ 13.50; mixed, \$11.00 @ 12.00. Cattle—\$3.50 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$4.00 @ 6.05. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 4.00. Lambs—\$3.00 @ 6.75. Receipts—4,000 hogs; 450 cattle; 150 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.07½. Corn—No. 2, 59½c. Oats—No. 2, 52c. Cattle—\$2.25 @ 5.75. Hogs—\$3.35 @ 6.00. Sheep—\$1.25 @ 4.00. Lambs—\$3.00 @ 6.40.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.04. Corn—No. 3, 56½c. Oats—No. 3, 49c. Cat- tle—Steers, \$4.60 @ 7.90; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 @ 5.00. Hogs—\$5.10 @ 5.85. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 5.00. Lambs—\$5.25 @ 7.40.

Livestock at New York.

Cattle—\$3.00 @ 6.90. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 6.00. Sheep—\$2.25 @ 4.15. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 7.25.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$3.00 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.00. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.00.

Wheat at Toledo.

May, \$1.07½; July, \$1.00½; cash, \$1.04½.

ENGRAVING in PREFERENCE to PRINTING

Because you want something nice—not because you want to economize Good printing is better than cheap engraving. We are agents for

HARCOURT & CO.

INCORPORATED.

LOUISVILLE, KY., U.S.A.

THEIR WORK IS THE STANDARD

THE REPUBLICAN COMPANY,

RUSHVILLE, INDIANA.

J. Thomas Arbuckle, Attorney.

Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.

Notice is hereby given to the credi- tors, heirs and legatees of Harry J. Webster, deceased, to appear in the Rush Circuit Court, held at Rushville, Indiana, on the 1st day of February, 1909, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the es- tate of said decedent should not be ap- proved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Witness, the Clerk of said Court, this 21st day of December, 1908.

VERNE W. NORRIS,
Clerk Rush Circuit Court.

[Seal] WDec. 22w3

Notice for Proposals for Deposit of Public Funds.

Notice is hereby given that the Town- ship Board of Finance of Walker Town- ship, Rush County, Indiana, will, be- tween the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m. on the 4th day of January, 1909, at the office of the Trustee in the town of Manilla, County of Rush and State of Indiana, receive written proposals from banks and trust companies, subject to examination by the State of Indiana, or by the United States, and having their place of business in this State, for the receipt of a maximum amount of public funds on deposit, as provided for in an act of the General Assembly of Indiana, entitled,

"An act concerning public funds, their deposit and safe-keeping and the col- lection of interest thereon; creating boards of finance and defining their powers, duties and procedure, prescrib- ing punishment for violations, prescrib- ing when said act shall take effect and repealing laws in conflict," approved March 9, 1907, and being Chapter 222 of the Acts of 1907, page 391.

Said funds to be deposited consist of the public funds of Walker Township.

All proposals, personal and surety company bonds must be executed ac- cording to official forms prepared under the provisions of the above statute. Personal or surety company bond, or collateral bonds as security, must ac- company proposals.

The Township Board of Finance, of Walker Township.

By J. S. E. HILLIGOSS,
President.

Attest:
CLARK JOHN,
Secretary.

241w1.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

For the Construction of the M. L. Sisson Ditch

Notice is hereby given that I will re- ceive sealed bids for the construction of the M. L. Sisson Ditch, at my office, in Rushville, Indiana, at two o'clock p. m. Saturday, January 2, 1909.

Bids will be received as a whole, I reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

The successful bidder will be required to give bond to my approval.

ALONZO L. STEWART,
Superintendent of Construction.

W-Dec. 22w2

NOTICE

Of the Payment of Ditch Assess- ments on the M. L. Sisson Ditch.

Notice is hereby given that all parties who are assessed for the construction of the M. L. Sisson Ditch will be re- quired to pay me as superintendent of con- struction ten per cent per month of their assessment.

The first payment is on January 23d, 1909, and ten per cent. on the 23d of each month thereafter until the ten in- stallments are all paid.

ALONZO L. STEWART,
Superintendent of Construction.

W-Dec. 22w2

Lacy's Home Bakery

HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS CAKES

Do you know you can buy your Cakes for Christmas cheaper than you can bake them? You can.

Special Orders of all kinds for Parties or Receptions, carefully filled. Leave your orders with us for your Christmas Cake.

Send in or Phone Us For Any of the following

Layer Cakes, Devil Food, Angel Food, Ribbon Cake
Strawberry Rolls, Jelly Rolls, Cream Rolls
Egg Kisses, Chocolate Marshmallow Rolls, Oyster Patties
Cocoanut Macaroons, Almond Macaroons,
Peanut Crisp, Golden Rods, Marble Cakes, Fruit Cake

The Above Cakes with any of the following Icings
Cocoanut, White, Caramel, Chocolate, Orange or Strawberry.

Our Wagon Will Supply You With Fresh Bread Ever Day

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

We have a full line of candies including the best chocolates, nut candies home made pan candies and mixed. Let us supply you for your Christmas entertainment.

Telephone 1419

Main Street

Money for Xmas

Plenty of money in RUSHVILLE for you. We are here EVERY DAY ready to loan it to you. Your furniture, piano, teams or other personal property will be good security and will not be removed from your home. You can pay us back in easy weekly or monthly payments.

It is better for you to borrow your money at home so if you get sick or misfortune overtakes you, you can talk it over with us personally. Let us help you to a "Merry Christmas." Come in and see us or call our Phone number.

Address.....

Your Name.....

PEOPLES' LOAN COMPANY RUSHVILLE, INDIANA

Rooms 7, 8 and 9, Miller Law Building (up stairs)
Established 1899—Phones 1453, 1529

Shot in the Back!

Failed in His Duty. Was Running Away.

That man is running away from duty who fails to protect himself and his dependents by life insurance. The best is the old Massachusetts Mutual. Talk it over with Folsom.

County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

New Salem.

Miss Elsie Higgins is able to be out again, after a weeks illness of neuralgia.

Miss Mildred Carr returned home Friday from the Western College at Oxford, Ohio, to spend the Christmas.

Miss Belle Taylor returned to her home near Laurel Sunday to spend about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Guffin will leave Thursday for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hager, daughter and two sons of Missouri are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Mrs. Rosecoe Smith and Son Newell will go Saturday to visit her parents at Logansport, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Stewart entertained at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Bert Davidson and sons, Paul and Lawrence and Miss Ethel Linn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Perkins are the proud parents of twin boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Perkins and son Carl spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fore and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor visited relatives at Laurel Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney White spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Herman of near Laurel.

The M. E. Sunday school will give an entertainment and Christmas tree on Christmas eve. Everyone is cordially invited to come.

Carthage.

L. S. Newsom was in Rushville, Friday.

Miss Grace Michael visited friends in Anderson Thursday.

Robert A. Watling was in Indianapolis, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. J. B. Hill, who has been quite ill the past week, is improving.

Mrs. J. A. Sipe and daughters, Dorothy and Claribel were in Rushville Saturday.

Miss Louise Hill, a teacher in the Greenfield schools is at home for the holiday vacation.

The Misses Rose Henley and Florence Hunt were in Indianapolis Friday.

Mrs. M. E. Conoway who has been in High Point, N. C., for sometimes, returned home Thursday.

Miss Reba Fall is at home from Tipton.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Friends church met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. S. L. Newsom.

The Junior Leagues will give an entertainment at the Fletcher M. E. church Wednesday night. Admission five and ten cents.

Miss Harriette Scott of Marion, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Lineback.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Watling will spend Christmas in Eaton, Ind.

Miss Minnie Hill will spend the holidays at her home in New Madison, O.

Miss Rema Stone is at home Earlham.

Thomas Smith and family will visit relatives in Manilla Thursday.

Mrs. M. D. Michael left Monday, for Lima, O., to visit her daughter Mrs. J. R. Rakestraw.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones of Muncie will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hamilton.

Miss Eva Johnson spent Sunday in New Castle.

Mrs. Mary Porter was at home from Knightstown Saturday.

Mrs. C. V. Gause and daughter, Miss Helen, called on friends in Rushville, Tuesday.

Miss Mable Binford who is attending school in Marion will spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Binford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sharer of Rushville were the guests of W. H. Sharer and family Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Rawls and Miss Lillian Kennedy leave Thursday for Urbana, O., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bishop.

In speaking of the piano and violin recital given by Ferdinand Schaeffers' pupils at the Propylaeum, Tuesday evening the Indianapolis News says Miss Stella Gause an accomplished pianist carried off the honors of the evening. Miss Gause is the daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Gause of this place.

The Christian Endeavor Society will give a free entertainment at the Friends church Christmas eve.

CASE AFTER CASE.

Plenty More Like This in Rushville.

Scores of Rushville people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Mrs. William Trennepohl, 1016 W. First St., Rushville, Ind., says: "Though I did not take Doan's Kidney Pills regularly, they relieved me of a nagging pain across my loins that has robbed my life of comfort, rendered my nights sleepless and caused languor and weakness. Before my husband got Doan's Kidney Pills for me at F. B. Johnson & Co.'s drug store, I could not lie on my back on account of the extreme pain. I do not have backache now and the lameness is rapidly going away. Doan's Kidney Pills have given me such great relief and I do not hesitate to recommend them to others similarly afflicted."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

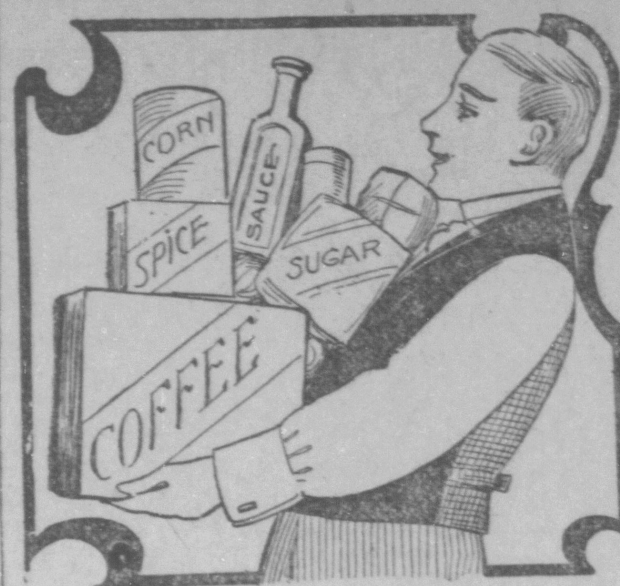
What Our Neighbors Are Talking About

EASY OVER THERE.

(Shelbyville News.)

A smooth appearing individual representing himself as an agent of the Saturday Evening Post fleeced Shelbyville people out of no less than \$200 last week. The young man offered the Post and a popular novel for \$1.50. He was a fluent and erudite talker who readily convinced his hearers of the value of his offer.

Lauren Hilligoss, who subscribed to free himself of the fellow's presence, became suspicious and wrote to the publishing company. He received a post-haste reply notifying him a reward of \$50 would be given for the fellow's capture.



YOU CANNOT AFFORD

to miss the bargains we are now offering in good reliable Groceries. THE WISE HOUSEKEEPER knows there is no economy in buying poor food. We sell the kind of Provisions that we know all about, and can guarantee their fine quality and condition.

L. L. ALLEN,

GROCER.

PHONE 1420.

Our Laundry

has been inspected by the State Inspector and is pronounced clean and sanitary from the ground to the roof.

We wash your clothes in pure filtered soft water with our up-to-date methods, we return your linen to you sweet and clean.

OUR HAND WORK

there is none better. We do Family Washing, 5 cents the pound.

RUSHVILLE
STEAM and HAND
LAUNDRY

An Ideal Holiday Gift

Real Rose Hat Pins

One which is artistic and cannot be Duplicated, for no two are alike

See Them In Our Window



W.B. POE & SON

Wagons and Wagons

STUDEBAKER BROS., the Old Reliable, nothing better made on earth today. I have a car load of them. When you want a wagon buy the Best and that is the Studebaker. This is no lie. I have handled them for 20 years. We also have the Brown Wagon, which is as good as any the rest.

Buggies and Surreys

CLOSED BUGGIES, we have plenty of them with doors or roll curtains, either one of them are good. Can suit you in sizes of 30 in. to 36 in-seats. Nothing better on the market.

Harness and Harness

Hand Made Harness, now is the time to order a nice double set of work harness, all hand made. They will tell you that machine made harness is just as good—you know that is not so and they lie when they tell you.

Robes and Blankets

The Best in Town, and at prices that are right. Come in and look them over.

Storm Fronts--5 Styles

and at Prices to suit everybody

J. W. TOMPKINS

Rushville, Indiana

South Side Court House

The Reason They Borrow of Us When in Need of Money

The Most Reliable of any Loan Company; The Only Loan Company that gives each and every one satisfactory dealings.

You may see many of the imitation money-loan houses, but none are like the old, original when it comes to rates, terms and courtesy.

We loan on household goods, pianos, horses and stock of all kinds, without removal.

We guarantee our rates to be so cheap that no small Company can compare rates with us.

If in need of money, fill out the following blank and mail to us; our Agent will be in Rushville every Tuesday and will call at your house and fix out loan for you.

Date.....

Your name

Address, Street and No.....

Town

Amount wanted, \$.....

All communications held strictly confidential. Address,

RICHMOND LOAN COMPANY

Richmond, Indiana.

Room 8 Colonial Bldg. Established in 1895. Automatic phone 1545

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES

Coughs, Colds,
CROUP,
Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.
Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Republican "Want Ads" Bring Results

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Published Daily except Sunday by
THE REPUBLICAN COMPANY
J. FEUDNER, Sole Proprietor.
Office, Republican Building, Northwest Corner Second and Perkins Streets.
Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1904, at the postoffice at Rushville, Indiana, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
One week delivered by carrier... .10
One year in the city by carrier... \$4.00
One year delivered by mail... \$3.00
TELEPHONE NUMBER. 1111.
Tom J. Geraghty, City Editor. Roy Harrold, Associate City Editor.
Tuesday, December 22, 1908.

GLAD THEY GET HIM
FOR WINTER SEASON

Fellow Who Boasted That he Was
Former Desperado, Now at
Columbus.

WAS HERE AT COUNTY FAIR

Bob Younger, the same Bob who attracted attention to himself at our county fair by claiming relationship with the noted Youngers of the Jesse James Gang and telling wonderful stories of his own experience as a bank and train robber, is now in Columbus entertaining the residents of that city in a similar manner. He has announced that he will spend the winter in Bartholomew county.

Magazine Agency.
I represent J. M. Hanson's newspaper and magazine agency of Lexington, Ky., and can save you money on your reading matter. Subscriptions taken for any periodical published. Call and get one of my catalogues. W. E. Clifton, at Morris & Bassler's Hardware store, Rushville.
208-1f

BY THE WAYSIDE

There was no fire neither was there anyone seriously injured or dead, as they first thought; it was only Fred Caldwell the undertaker, giving away his first installment of new calendars for the year 1909. This one fact was the cause of all of the commotion in front of the Caldwell undertaking establishment in Main street last Saturday afternoon. The crowd was actually so large that the traffic in Main street was congested for nearly an hour. Someone called at his office shortly after 1 o'clock and asked for a calendar, their wish being granted. Within the next two hours the supply was exhausted and over five hundred of the beautiful calendars had been given away. It seemed that everyone had told his friends, his neighbors and all of his relatives about it as it had not been advertised that they were to be given away.

Locust Posts For Sale.
1000 nice cedar and locust posts, seven and eight feet long. Line posts, 26 cents, corner posts, \$2.50. P. A. WASHBURNE, Homer, Ind. Phone 3 on 37. 212130

Pure Candies at L. L. Allen's.
Special prices to Sunday schools and school teachers. Phone 1420.

FATHER HAD BEAT
YOUNG DAUGHTER

Myrtle Thorne, Aged 16 Years, Com-
plained That Father Had
Whipped Her.

WAS TAKEN BEFORE BOARD

The board of children's guardians recently appointed by Judge Sparks to look after homeless and wayward children, met yesterday evening in Carl V. Nipp's office to consider the case of Miss Myrtle Thorne, aged 16 years, who complained of her father beating her.

Officer Pea was called to the Thorne home Monday morning and there the girl told him of her trouble. He placed the case before the board of children's guardians, who took the girl in hand and confined her in the Innis boarding house.

It is the duty of the board to find all of the evidence in a case and then report to the judge, they not having any power to act. The members of the board decided today that they had no power to hold the girl so released her. It is very probable that a thorough investigation of the case will be made later.

—Mrs. Fanny Study will be the guest of relatives in Indianapolis Christmas day.

—Mrs. Panthea Smiley returned from an extended visit in Huntington, West Va., yesterday

FOR SALE—One H. P. gas or gasoline engine in running order and 3 H. P., alternating current motor. Cheap. Security Electric Co., 2512 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. 241-124

LOST—Muff of brown mink fur on last Saturday, near the court house. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward. 242-3t

FIRE FIVE SHOTS
AT HIS NEIGHBOR

Seventh Street Resident Resents the
Playful Prank of Nearest
Neighbor.

WAS PLAYING "TICK TACK"

A shooting scrape occurred Sunday night in West Seventh street that just came to the ears of the officials today. Residents of that part of the city, near the corporation line, heard four or five shots fired in quick succession but were unable to learn from whence they came. Today it was said that a fellow named West had been playing a trick on a neighbor named Randle by tapping on his window with a long fishing pole. Randle resented this and hurrying out of his house fired a revolver several times at the "trickster." Luckily all the bullets went wide of the mark.

UNIFORM SYSTEM
OF KEEPING BOOKS

Is the Desire of County Clerks of
State Who Met in Indiana-
polis Today.

RUSH COUNTY CLERK PRESENT

County Clerk Vern W. Norris attended a meeting in Indianapolis today of all of the county clerks in the State of Indiana. They met for the purpose of formulating a petition by which they might suggest legislation in regard to a branch of their work. It is their wish that the bookkeeping system of all of the county clerks be uniform.

SOCIETY NEWS

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Hazel Anne Carr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen L. Carr of North Perkins street to Mr. Harold E. Cantwell, which will occur December 30 at the home of the bride's parents.
* * *

Miss Irene Carr delightfully entertained last Friday evening, December 18, in honor of Miss Florence Brown's seventh birthday. The house was very neatly decorated in red and green, the reception hall being decorated in holly, bells and cedar, and also had a Santa Clause arranged in a "real person." The doors were draped with cedar, cut flowers and potted plants. Dainty refreshments were served and at each plate were cut flowers with a card tied with red ribbon. About fifty guests were present, many from Indianapolis, Connerville and Shelbyville. Music was furnished by the Mull brothers.
* * *

Miss Flossie Newkirk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Newkirk of North Morgan street will be united in marriage this evening at the home of the bride, to Mr. Will Winship, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Winship of East Fifth street. Both are exceedingly popular with the younger set. They will live at Franklin temporarily.
* * *

Misses Mavene and Ethel Behout entertained the following guests from Indianapolis Sunday who came to attend the Christian Science lecture: Mr. and Mrs. Will Fargo, Mrs. Herbert Coster, Mr. and Mrs. John Easterday, and Misses Schooley, Duncan and Burdick.

A tickling or dry cough can be form, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold quickly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloro- by F. B. Johnson & Co.

The finest line of fruits and vegetables at L. L. Allen's. Phone 1420.

DIFFICULT WAS OPERATION

Performed on Valuable Colt by Dr.
F. H. Davis.

Dr. F. H. Davis, the veterinary, performed a very difficult and successful operation upon a valuable colt for W. A. Jones at Riverside Park Saturday morning, for umbilical hernia, which had become so alarming that the life of the animal was in danger from strangulation. The colt was cast upon a bed of straw and placed under chloroform anesthesia, the operation lasting two hours and twenty minutes. At present the colt is doing nicely and its ultimate recovery is looked for.

Eczema is Now Curable.

ZEMO, a scientific preparation for external use, stops itching instantly and destroys the germs that cause skin diseases. Eczema quickly yields and is permanently cured by this remarkable medicine.

For sale everywhere. Write for sample, E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis.

For sale in Rushville by F. E. Wolcott.

Woods Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. For chills, fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the system felt with the first dose. The \$1.00 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c size. Sold at Lytle's Drug Store.

J. W. Gartin
Auctioneer,
Residence on Ideal Stock Farm,
miles north of Rushville.
3330.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Engagement for Crying Sales
Solicited.
I have a four-room house on my place for sale. Also a lot of wood.

EVEN AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GET MEN'S HABERDASHERY
IN OUR SPECIAL ORNAMENTAL CHRISTMAS BOXES

Gloves	Shirt	Cravat	Bathrobe
Pajamas	Suit Case	Handkerchiefs	Cigars
Cuff Links	Suspenders	Umbrella	Half Hose
Collar Bag	Cane	Pipe	Cigar Case
Night Shirt	Cravat Pin	Fancy Vest	Necktie

EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT - - ARTISTIC - - EXCLUSIVE AND INSTEAD OF FINDING
THESE ARTICLES STREWN UP AND DOWN THE STREET ALIKE IN EVERY SHOP,
WE SHOW EFFECTS AND COMBINATIONS ENTIRELY AWAY FROM THE ORDINARY

HABERDASHER

BETKER

AND CIGARIST

THE MAN'S GIFT STORE

Local Brevities

Mrs. Cyrus Algar of North Harrison street is suffering a slight attack of the grip.

Mrs. L. S. Hunt, who suffered a severe attack of acute indigestion Sunday, is much improved.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Jay, who has been ill with bowel trouble is recovering.

The case of the State of Indiana vs. John Tribbey is set for trial on January 6th in the Fayette county court.

Almira Smith was yesterday appointed administratrix of the estate of Mrs. Miranda Rutherford of Carthage.

Gurney Cohee has moved his household goods from his residence in North Perkins street to his father's home in East Second street.

James Collier today filed a complaint suit in the Rush circuit court against John Kuntz to foreclose a lien for forfeiture of a lease.

The social which was to have been held at the home of Mrs. J. P. Frazee in North Main street Monday has been postponed until a later date.

James Whitehead, the Third street caterer, has issued a number of artistic and attractive invitation and menu cards for Christmas dinner, which he mailed to his friends. The idea is a most novel one to say the least.

The members of the local Modern Woodmen Camp will hold a debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the Establishment of a Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Colorado Springs will be beneficial to the M. W. of A." in their lodge room Wednesday evening.

Christmas Trees.

We have a nice lot of Christmas trees in stock.

COURT HOUSE GROCERY.
235-19

Buy your Xmas dinner at L. L. Allen's. Phone 1420.

Mrs. Sed Pugh is ill at her home in North Main street.

Mrs. Lon Sharp, living west of this city, who has been seriously ill is recovering.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caldwell in East Second street which has been ill is improving.

Don't confine your Christmas to children altogether. Remember the old people: they are as children and will be just as appreciative of any remembrance as a child—likewise will they suffer as much disappointment as a child if you forget or neglect them.

REV. KUHN WILL SOON TAKE CHARGE

Brother of Preacher-Politician Accepts Pastorate at Church at Manilla.

IS COMING FROM COLFAX

Rev. Kuhn, of Colfax, has accepted the pastorate of the Manilla Christian church and will begin his duties there the first of the new year. He is said to have made an excellent impression upon the minds of his hearers during a former visit and the members of the church feel highly elated upon securing his services. Rev. Kuhn is a brother of Rev. Thos. H. Kuhn, who made the race for congress against W. O. Barnard, Congressman-elect.

The largest stock of pure candies at medium prices in Rushville. Everything handled in a strictly sanitary manner. L. L. Allen. Phone 1420.

Buy your Xmas dinner at L. L. Allen's. Phone 1420.

SECOND STATEMENT BY HEALTH BOARD

Smallpox Condition Remains Unchanged—Bann Placed on Public Gatherings.

HOSPITAL WORK IS RUSHED

The Rushville City Board of Health has issued the following statement of the smallpox situation here, feeling obliged to do so after continued exaggerated stories persist in riding on the waves of wild rumor:

"Today we deemed it advisable to put a ban on all public meetings for one week, not that the situation is any worse than it was yesterday, but it is always wise to take such precautions. Only two cases have broken out in the past twenty-four hours and these among the colored people who were exposed to the first case in the city. The cases found were in the embryo state and the patients were immediately removed to the homes of Nelson Brown and George Easley for the time, as these houses are under quarantine. One of the suspects found last night may not have smallpox, but has symptoms, and we are taking no chances.

The hospital building is being rushed to completion and will be ready for occupancy the latter part of this week. Two tents will be pitched on the same ground where those that have been exposed—like members of the families of smallpox victims—will be kept under strict surveillance, until the allotted time for full developments of the malady has passed.

Only one white person has the smallpox and he was directly exposed, going into the house to work where the first case developed. All the cases are confined in the same houses named in yesterday's report. We say that the condition is the same as yesterday and repeat that there is no need for undue alarm or general uneasiness. We fully expected several more cases to develop among the colored people as they were exposed at the very beginning.

The public may rest assured that every precaution is being taken looking towards the health of the community.

DR. E. I. WOODEN,
DR. D. D. VANOSDOL,
DR. J. G. LEWIS.

APPROPRIATE TO YULETIDE SEASON

Was the Analysis of the Xmas Story by Mrs. May Donnan at the Regular Meeting.

OF THE LITERATURE CLASS

Held at the Home of Mrs. F. R. McClanahan Last Saturday Afternoon.

Mrs. May W. Donnan's class in the study of the Bible as literature, met at the home of Mrs. F. R. McClanahan Saturday afternoon. The lesson was on the poetry of the Bible and analysis of the book of Job.

A primitive simplicity and concreteness of expression are distinguishing qualities of the poetry of the Bible. The early Hebrew poetry did not have to do with the imagination of men's hearts, but was concerned with realities, experiences with which all men of all ages have been familiar, and thus it appeals to the cultured and uncultured alike.

In her analysis of the book of Job, Mrs. Donnan, with admirable skill indicated its literary suggestiveness and what a foundation of inspiration the book has been to other writers. Mrs. Donnan used many quotations from Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Goethe, Browning, having parallel passages in the book of Job. The conversation between the Lord and Job has furnished inspiration for poets of all ages. The speeches of Job are unexampled for expression of anguish and pathos, and unsurpassed in the whole field of literature for imagery and earnest piety, and the touching description of his own misery and gloom.

In studying these Bible stories from a literary standpoint, it is interesting to note what an amazing lot the Bible writers could compress into a few verses. A modern writer would require chapters to tell of Job's wealth, family, piety, and manner of life, but the writer of the book does it in five verses.

Appropriate to the Christmas season, Mrs. Donnan gave her analysis of the Christmas story, the most beautiful story in the world and perfectly told, its result upon the literature of the world is not the least of its influences.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Harrie Jones Saturday, January 2d.

JOHN GAHIMER'S BIG DITCH

Cost Enough to Buy Xmas Presents For a Whole Town.

John Gahimer, of near Manilla has just completed one of the largest and most expensive ditches ever put down in Rush county. It took eight years to complete "Clintons Big Ditch" but Mr. Gahimer has just been engaged that number of months. Thirty inch tile were used in some places in constructing the ditch and the amount of money used in purchasing the tile would buy Christmas presents for several hundred people if it were expended in that manner.

Notice of Election of Trustee.
An election will be held by Ivy Lodge No. 27, Knights of Pythias, Monday evening, December 28, 1908, for the purpose of electing one trustee to serve for a term of three years.
CHAS S. GREEN, C. C.
Attest: J. E. MUIRE,
Dec. 15-22 K. of R. & S.

A fresh car load of that good Salt at Flinns.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

A marriage license was issued Saturday to Miss Ruth E. Yazell and Mr. Louis W. Ellman.

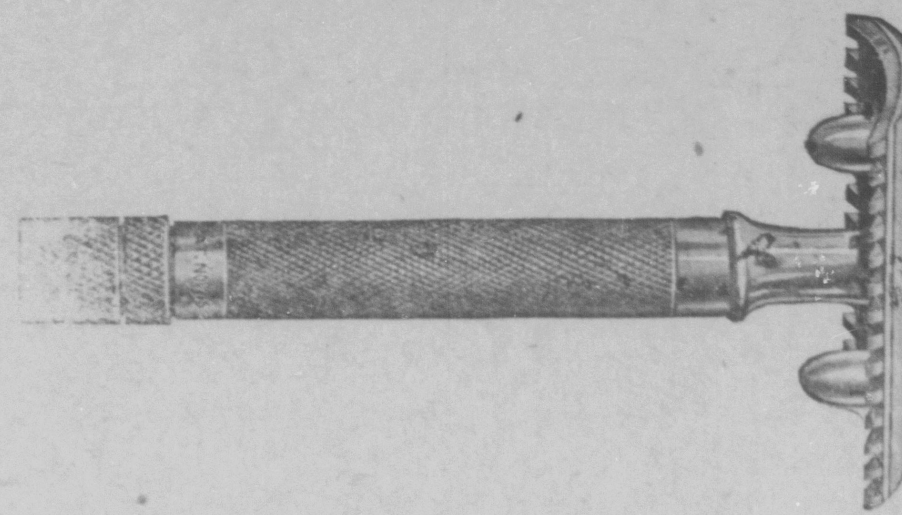
A marriage license was issued yesterday to Miss Flossie Newkirk and Mr. William S. Winship.

A cup of coffee, a bit of sausage, and Mrs. Austins Buckwheat cakes is a breakfast fit for a king.

Hargrove & Mullin Drugs
Quality First

As A Xmas Present

FOR THE MEN



IN \$5.00 SETS

Gillette Razors

MILLINERY THAT IS BECOMING
HAIR AND ART GOODS
We Sell The "Spirella" Corset
TRON MILLINERY STORE

Republican "Want Ads" Bring Results

ONLY A Few Days Left for you to do your Xmas shopping. Every department is full with the very choicest goods in every line for presents. Come in the morning to avoid the afternoon crowds. Plenty help to wait upon you.

Mauzy & Denning

Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

CASADY & COX
Rushville, Indiana

N. B. We will close Christmas Day at 10 o'clock a. m.

Samples in Show Window

Shoes Repaired

HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR
Masterpieces of Shoemaking Art
Ladies'

Dorothy Dodd

For Critical Dressers

Gentleman's Emerson Specials
and Keith Konquerors
Distinctive in Style and Fit. Bench Made

Fireside Slippers, Rubbers and Felt Goods

Bodine's New Era

The Quality Furniture Store

NOTICE

To the Xmas buyers. Our big store is Headquarters for fine up to date Furniture and you will be surprised how far your \$1.00 will go if you spend it here. Prices on everything in our store GREATLY REDUCED. Take advantage of this and buy your Xmas where you can get Value Received.

OUR STORE is full of PRETTY THINGS and what we want is to reduce our stock and you can certainly find what you want here and PRICES TALK.

Keep Your Eye On Chair in Our Window

O. H. BRADWAY

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

"You make it a little difficult, Phil. I don't believe I had better speak of it."

"Why not?"
"Why, just because you ask me 'Why not?' for example."

"Is it anything that worries you about Eileen?"

"No, not exactly. It is—it may be a phase, and yet I know that if it is anything at all it is not a passing phase. She is different from the majority, you see—very intelligent, very direct. She never forgets, for example. Her loyalty is quite remarkable. Phil. She is very intense in her beliefs, the more so because she is unusually free from impulse, even quite ignorant of the deeper emotions, or so I believed until—until—"

"Is she in love?" he asked.

"A little, Phil."

"Does she admit it?" he demanded. Unpleasantly astonished.

"She admits it in a dozen innocent ways to me, who can understand her. But to herself she has not admitted it. I think—could not admit it yet, because—because—"

"Who is it?" asked Selwyn, and there was in his voice the slightest undertone of a growl.

"Dear, shall I tell you?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because, Phil, I think that our pretty Eileen is a little in love with—"

He straightened out to his full height, scarlet to the temples. She dropped her linked fingers in her lap, gazing at him almost sadly.

"Dear, all the things you are preparing to shout at me are quite useless. I know. I don't imagine, I don't forestall, I don't predict."

"Nina, you are madder than a March hare!"

"Air your theories, Phil, then come back to realities. The conditions remain. Eileen is certainly a little in love with you, and a little with her means something. And you evidently have never harbored any serious intentions toward the child. I can see that, because you are the most transparent man I ever knew. Now, the question is, What is to be done?"

"I am, of course, obliged to believe that you are mistaken," he said. "A man cannot choose but believe in that manner. There is no very young girl, nobody, old or young, whom I like as thoroughly as I do Eileen Erroll. She knows it; so do you, Nina. It is open and aboveboard. I should be very unhappy if anything marred or distorted our friendship. I am quite confident that nothing will."

"In that frame of mind," said his sister, smiling, "you are the healthiest companion in the world for her, for you will either cure her or she you, and it is all right either way."

"Certainly it will be all right," he said confidently.

For a few moments he paced the room, reflective, quickening his pace all the while, and his sister watched him, silent in her indecision.

"I'm going up to see the kids," he said abruptly.

The children, one and all, were in the park, but Eileen was sewing in the nursery, and his sister did not call him back as he swung out of the room and up the stairs. But when he had disappeared Nina dropped into her chair, aware that she had played her best card prematurely, forced by Rosamund, who had just told her that rumor continued to be very busy compiling her brother's name with the name of the woman who once had been his wife.

Nina was now thoroughly convinced of Alixe's unusual capacity for making mischief.

She had known Alixe always, and she had seen her develop from a talented, restless, erratic, emotional girl, easily moved to generosity, into an impulsive woman, reckless to the point of ruthlessness when enmity and unhappiness stamped her, a woman not deliberately selfish, not wittingly immoral, for she lacked the passion which her emotion was sometimes mis-

shake with which they always met, even after an hour's separation. Of course she noticed this and, bending low above her sewing, wondered why.

It seemed to him for a moment as though he were looking at a woman he had heard about and had just met for the first time. His observation of her now was leisurely, calm and thorough—not so calm, however, when, impatient of his reticence, bending there over her work, she raised her dark blue eyes to his, her head remaining lowered. The sweet, silent inspection lasted but a moment. Then she resumed her stitches, aware that something in him had changed since she last had seen him. But she merely smiled quietly to herself, confident of his unaltered devotion in spite of the strangely hard and unresponsive gaze that had uneasily evaded hers.

As her white fingers flew with the glimmering needle she reflected on conditions as she had left them a week ago. A week ago between him and her the most perfect of understandings existed, and the consciousness of it she had carried with her every moment in the country—amid the icy tumble of the surf, on long, vigorous walks over the greening hills where wild moorland winds whipped like a million fairy switches till the young blood fairly sang, pouring through her veins.

Since that—some time within the week—something evidently had happened to him here in the city while she had been away. What?

As she bent above the fine linen garment on her knee, needle flying, a sudden memory stirred coldly—the recollection of her ride with Rosamund—and instinctively her clear eyes flew open, and she raised her head, turning directly toward him a disturbed gaze he did not this time evade.

In silence their regard lingered; then, satisfied, she smiled again, saying, "Have I been away so long that we must begin all over, Captain Selwyn?"

"Begin what, Eileen?"

"To remember that the silence of selfish preoccupation is a privilege I have not accorded you?"

"I didn't mean to be preoccupied."

"Oh, worse and worse!" She shook her head and began to thread the needle. "I see that my week's absence has not been very good for you. I knew it the moment you came in with all that guilty, absentminded frontonery which I have forbidden."

He colored up as he took her hand in his. Then they both laughed at the very vigorous shake.

"What a horribly unfriendly creature you can be," said Eileen. "Never a greeting, never even a formal expression of pleasure at my return."

"You have not returned," he said, smiling. "You have been with me every moment, Eileen."

"What a pretty tribute!" she exclaimed. "I am beginning to recognize traces of my training after all."

When the children came in they left the nursery together and descended the stairs to the library. Austin had just come in, and he looked up from his solitary cup of tea as they entered.

"Hello, youngsters! What conspiracy are you up to now? I suppose you snuffed the tea and have come to deprive me. By the way, Phil, I hear that you've sprung the trap on those Siowitha people."

"Neergard has, I believe."

"Well, isn't it all one?"

To be Continued.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of the Republican and I want the people of Rushville to know that I write the following Voluntarily.—Harry L. Goodiel.

I write these few lines out of gratitude for what Mi-o-na has done for me for dyspepsia and indigestion.

I have suffered for the past five years, and have tried different doctors, but have had no relief until I bought a 50 cent box of Mi-o-na from our drug store (R. W. Knowlton's) here a short time ago.

The first box did me so much good that I immediately purchased another one, and now I feel better than I have at any time in the past five years. I am able to eat anything and everything, and get a good night's sleep afterwards.

Was so bad at one time that all I was able to eat for over a month was a raw egg in half a glass of milk two or three times a day.

I would earnestly advise anyone suffering as I was from dyspepsia, to give this remedy a fair trial. I remain, gratefully yours, Harry L. Goodiel, No. 9½ River St., Astabula, Ohio.

Mi-o-na is the only logical dyspepsia remedy on the market today. It is not a digester. It does not contain a particle of pepsin. It cures by building up the muscular walls of the stomach, and making the stomach so strong and perfect that it is able without artificial help to digest an ordinary meal with ease, and without discomfort.

The experience of Mr. Goodiel is a common one, and it is safe to say Mi-o-na tablets have cured more acute and chronic diseases of the stomach than any other medicine. F. B. Johnson & Co. sells it at 50 cents a box and guarantees it to cure or money back.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

F. B. JOHNSTON & CO.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

The Japanese diet was formally opened today.

Holmes county, Ohio, voted dry by 995. Four saloons were knocked out.

Buying by several of the leading holders caused the Chicago wheat market to close strong Monday.

Secretary Garfield of the interior department, denies that he is to be run as a "dark horse" in the Ohio senatorial contest.

Secretary Root has signed a treaty with Salvador, providing for the arbitration of disputed questions which may arise with that country.

Record has been filed in Chicago of a trust deed given to secure a \$50,000 first mortgage bond issue of the Chicago Telephone company.

Elmer A. Birdseye, seven-year-old son of a wholesale grocer of Seattle, Wash., was crushed to death in an elevator of the "Boston" store at Chicago.

Orville Wright, who has fully recovered from his injuries sustained as a result of the fall of his aeroplane at Fort Meyer, will sail for Paris in about ten days.

The English insurance companies have agreed to settle all claims resulting from the Kingston earthquake and fire on a basis of 85 per cent, without adjustment and including costs.

Arrested for carrying concealed weapons, August Sherhorn of Hammond, a short time after being locked up in the police station at Chicago, hanged himself by means of a handkerchief.

MORE ABOUT THE KIERAN FAILURE

Testimony Before the Referee In Bankruptcy.

New York, Dec. 22.—Testifying before the referee in the hearing of the bankruptcy case of the Fidelity Funding company, C. W. Lucas, a Chicago attorney, who acted as counsel for two years for the Patrick J. Kieran concern, said that in that time Kieran issued and sold more than a million dollars' worth of trust collateral bonds. He mentioned St. Vincent's college, a Catholic institution in Chicago, as being involved to the extent of \$150,000, and the St. Josephs congregation of Milwaukee, \$200,000, in such transactions on the part of Kieran.

Henry S. Strauss, a Wall street broker, testified that the missing secretary of the Fidelity Funding company employed him last spring to place the company's paper, and he said he handled about \$300,000 worth. Strauss said Kieran used to furnish him with a memorandum of the notes he held and which he would submit to the bank for investigation, and then Kieran would be instructed to take to the bank such as they approved.

Both out-of-town and local creditors were represented at the hearing by a considerable array of lawyers. A statement introduced gave the liabilities of the company as \$3,941,037, and the assets as \$3,579,315.

HURRAH FOR O'MALLEY

Home-Loving Chicago Irishman Fulfilled His Pledge.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Patrick O'Malley, who at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 15 declared he would eat with his parents at Ballygran, Ireland, exactly seven days from that hour, is believed to have kept his word. A few hours after making his pledge O'Malley was on his way to New York, where he arrived just in time to board the Lusitania. A message received here says that the Lusitania touched at Queens-town last night. A few hours' ride in an automobile, it was said, would take O'Malley to Ballygran.

It was telegraphed from Sydney that the American sailors were "much attracted by the novelty of pretty barmaids." The barmaids of Sydney and Melbourne are the prettiest in the world.

SIMMONS MAY KNOW FATE TODAY

Trial of Man Who Killed His Wife Nearing an End.

MADE PLEA OF SELF-DEFENSE

In His Story on the Witness Stand Simmons Declares His Wife Attacked Him With an Indian Club and Her Son Came at Him With a Butcher Knife, Whereupon He Proceeded to Protect Himself With a Razor—Case Will Go to Jury Today.

Princeton, Ind., Dec. 22.—It is expected that the jury in the Simmons murder case, brought here from Evansville, will get the case this evening. Simmons cut his wife's throat with a razor last June at their home in Evansville, a few months after he had married her. He had been a boarder at the woman's house, and when he became ill with typhoid fever she nursed him back to health and he married her.

On the day of the murder Simmons had left home after a quarrel. Returning to get some of his clothes, an other quarrel occurred between Simmons and his wife and her son, Earl Mott. In his story on the witness stand, alleging self-defense, Simmons said the son attacked him with a butcher knife and the woman with an Indian club, and in his efforts to save himself he used the razor.

NO CLUE TO SHOOTING

Terre Haute Police Believe Woman Is Keeping Back Facts.

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 22.—The mysterious shooting of Miss Ada Smith, the young music teacher, grows more puzzling to the police, who at first believed she had attempted suicide. At times she has recovered sufficiently to reiterate her first statement that she was shot by a man whose form she barely saw in the darkness when she stepped out the door of her home early in the evening.

She says she has no theory as to the person or cause, but the police think she is withholding information that might furnish a clue. The revolver with one chamber empty, found at her side when the neighbors responded to her screams for help, was the property of her uncle, who says the last he saw of it was in the bureau drawer where he had placed it. This uncle, Robert Martin, an interurban motor man, says there is no doubt someone attempted to murder her. The surgeons at the hospital say the range of the bullet is such that it would have been almost impossible for her to have fired the shot into her back, causing such a wound as was inflicted.

TOUCHED LIVE WIRE

Lineman at Laporte Fell From Pole to His Death.

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 22.—At the inquest over the body of Frank J. Whitney, the young electrician who fell from a pole and broke his neck, it developed that the young man was unfasting his safety belt preparatory to coming down when he started to fall. He made a wild grab for support and touched a live wire. Then he dropped. His head struck the ground first and the neck was broken. Death was almost instantaneous.

THE FIRST STEP

In Operation of the Industry Which Is to Make New Town.

Hammond, Ind., Dec. 22.—The actual manufacture of steel was begun at Gary, when blast furnace No. 12 was blown in. This is a step toward making the Calumet region the greatest iron and steel industrial center in the world. The \$25,000,000 mills are now in operation, and the work will be increased rapidly from now on until it is estimated that 25,000 men will be employed in the mill.

CRACKSMEN FLEE

They Blew Open Safe, but Dog's Bark Proved Too Much.

Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 22.—"Yeggs" blew the safe in Earl Baker's small grocery store in the outskirts of this city, but did not get into the money box. Baker, who lives near by, heard the explosion, opened the window blind to look out and saw a man in the street. He thinks the gang took fright. A dog also helped to alarm.

Suicide of a Woman.

Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 22.—Mrs. Charles Cox, who lived near Fairland, blew the top of her head off with her husband's shotgun. No motive is known except sickness. Besides a husband, she leaves two children. She was forty years old.

Morocco Badly Scorched.

Morocco, Ind., Dec. 22.—A fire destroyed Smart & Hope's restaurant, Hanger & Brown's meat market and a millinery store owned by Celia Myers. The total loss was estimated at \$15,000, with light insurance.

A BAPTIST ELDER

Restored to Health by Vinol

"I was run down and weak from indigestion and general debility, also suffered from vertigo. I saw a cod liver preparation called Vinol advertised and decided to give it a trial, and the results were most gratifying. After taking two bottles I regained my strength and am now feeling unusually well." Henry Cunningham, Elder Baptist Church, Kingston, N. C.

Vinol is not a patent medicine—but a preparation composed of the medicinal elements of cods' livers, combined with a tonic iron and wine. Vinol creates a hearty appetite, tones up the organs of digestion and makes rich, red blood. In this natural manner, Vinol creates strength for the run-down, overworked and debilitated, and for delicate children and old people. For chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis Vinol is unexcelled.

All such persons in this vicinity are asked to try Vinol on our offer to refund their money if it fails to give satisfaction.

Vinol is sold in Rushville by F. B. Johnson & Co.

T. E. GREGG,
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans and Collections.
Office over the Bee Hive Store.

Fred A. Caldwell
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Prompt and Efficient Service.
Phones 1051 and 1231.
Rushville, Ind.

DR. F. G. HACKLEMAN,
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
GLASSES FURNISHED

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
Standard Companies Only Represented.
Office, 240 North Main St., in Poe's Jewelry Store.
GEORGE W. OSBORNE

PIANO TUNING
F. W. Porterfield.
One week each month.
Call me up.

DR. J. E. KINSINGER,
OSTEOPATH.
Phone 1281. Rushville, Ind.
General Practice. Office and residence 226 West Fifth street. Office hours: Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5 to 8 p. m.; other hours by appointment.

Office Phone 1072.
Residence Phone 1441.
DR. FRANK H. DAVIS,
Veterinarian.
Office: Owen L. Carr's Livery, RUSHVILLE, IND.

Preventives—those Candy Cold Cure Tablets—will safely and quickly check all colds and the Grip. Try them once and see! Sold by F. B. Johnson & Co.

Colds contracted at this season of the year are quickly relieved with Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Its laxative quality rids the system of the cold. Pleasant to take. Best for children for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Sold at Lytle's Drug Store.

Pineules for the Kidneys are little golden globules which act directly on the Kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired worn out feeling 30 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. Sold at Lytle's Drug Store.

For an early breakfast, take home Mrs. Austins pancake flour. Ready in a minute.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Chapter 14

EILEEN, sewing by the nursery window, looked up. Her little Alsatian maid, cross legged on the floor at her feet, sewing away diligently, also looked up. then scrambled to her feet as Selwyn halted on the threshold of the room.

"Why, how odd you look!" said Eileen, laughing. "Come in, please. Susanne and I are only mending some of our summer things. Were you in search of the children? Don't say so if you were, because I'm quite happy in believing that you knew I was here. Did you?"



Eileen looked up.

"Where are the children?" he asked. "In the park, my very rude friend. You will find them on the mall if you start at once."

He hesitated, but finally seated himself, omitting the little formal hand-

The Cough Syrup that rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels is

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Bees is the original laxative cough syrup, contains no opiates, gently moves the bowels, carrying the cold off through the natural channels. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

LYTLE'S DRUG STORE.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES

Reduced Fares For Christmas and New Years

THE OLD CIRCUS POSTER.

Pretentious Language With Which the Show Was Described.

The grandiloquent extravagance of language of the old time circus poster is illustrated by this reproduction, which is given verbatim:

"There will be presented a resplendent series of sublime, moral, interesting, instructive, amusing and wonderful scenes which would appear entirely too fabulous if expressed in an advertisement. They must be seen to be duly appreciated. These great displays will unfold in all the loveliness and beauty of enchantment, carrying the minds of the bewildered or spellbound spectators off on the gentle wings of the imagination to such pageantry as they might dream of after reading a few pages of 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' Words are really wanting to give adequate expression. Webster's unabridged fails most signally in language to fully portray a semblance of the reality. Zoonomy may be learned at this great college in a single evening. Here the visitor will see splendid specimens of the zygodyctylous race that live upon the earth or float and poise upon the wings of gold and silver plume in the cerulean arch, and in reference to these the corps of superintendents in courtly dress will elucidate the peculiarities of each with guarded suavity."

THE TWO ROMEO.

Mrs. Siddons' Opinion of David Garrick and Spranger Barry.

David Garrick and Spranger Barry were both playing Romeo at the same time in London. Barry played it at Drury Lane on the Monday, and Garrick played it the next night at Covent Garden, and the town was divided as to which was the greater Romeo—in fact, there was quite a great excitement about it, and they acted it upon such different lines and with such marvelously different conceptions that the people argued the case as to which Shakespeare intended. The fact is that Shakespeare intended it to be acted well, and if one man's temperament suited it best to act in that way it would do for another temperament the other way.

So they asked Mrs. Siddons, who was the Juliet alternately with the same Romeo, which she considered better of the two, and she said:

"It is difficult to say. They are both wonderfully great, but I will tell you how they impress me in the balcony scene. In the balcony scene Garrick seems so eager, so intense and so full of fire and spirit that I'm afraid he'll jump up in the balcony to me, and Barry is so lovable and fascinating that I'm afraid I shall have to jump down from the balcony to him."

The Relationship.

"You say, madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness box, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the court and replied:

"Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his step-mother married my husband's step-father after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't never figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on 'im as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

Manzan Pile Remedy will convince you it is immediate relief for all forms of Piles. Guaranteed, 50c. Sold at Lytle's Drug Store.

GEORGIANA: I don't like your cook book—it doesn't recommend Gold Medal Flour—Imogene.

SCHOOL FOR MINERS.

Coal Company's Plan to Educate Anthracite Workers.

OTHER FIRMS TAKING IT UP.

Idea Obtained From Diligence of One Man Who Wanted to Rise in the World—Foreigners Wishing to Learn English Do So by Utilizing Their Leisure Time.

One man's diligence has led to all the anthracite mine workers having an opportunity of being educated, of training themselves to become officials at the collieries and of advancing rapidly in the profession if they have the ambition and the energy to do it. There are about 185,000 mine workers, and as the great majority of them have little or no education the ability to obtain the instruction which is to fit them for higher positions and better conditions appeals to thousands of them.

The idea of doing this was aroused in the minds of two of the leading mining officials of the region by a hoisting engineer in a Lehigh Valley colliery. Not long ago General Manager S. D. Warriner and his assistant, Frederick M. Chase of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, while on a tour of inspection stepped into an engine house and to their surprise saw the engineer in his idle moments working on a sheet of powdered paper, using a carpenter's tool to draw mechanical sketches. It was crudely done, but there was merit in it, and the officials questioned the man. He said that he wanted to learn to be a mechanical draftsman, but had not the education to permit him to take a course at any of the correspondence schools which gave instruction; that he did not have the educational basis upon which to build the structure of his ambition.

When the officials left the engine house they were impressed. They talked about the incident with minor officials of the company at the various collieries and learned that many of the young and ambitious workmen had often expressed a desire to study in their hours of leisure and regretted that they did not have the common school education which would permit them to take up other studies.

The outcome was that the Lehigh Valley company has decided to establish schools wherever it has collieries in which the men free of charge may be instructed in the ordinary English branches and fitted for taking up various courses in mining, mechanical engineering, mining engineering or any of the various occupations about the mines requiring skilled men, says a Wilkesbarre (Pa.) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. This idea has so impressed the other companies that one by one they are also taking it up and are now busy perfecting their plans, so that it is predicted it will not be long before these company schools are established in every place throughout the mining region where there is a coal mine or a coal mining hamlet. The companies' interest in this plan is a double one. In the first place they expect that the free instruction will be appreciated by the men and make the bonds between the workers and the mining officials closer, and in the second place they realize that the education will result in making the men more careful in their work, make them cognizant of conditions which are dangerous and make them able to appreciate the danger as well as giving them the knowledge of how best to overcome the dangerous condition.

This will result, it is believed, in a decided decrease in the loss of life in the mines yearly, for the men who are being educated in mining methods will not only know how to avoid danger themselves, but their influence and their knowledge will aid the others. As 607 men and boys were killed and 1,746 were injured last year, any saving in such a slaughter will be worth having.

It is proposed to engage skilled public school teachers for these miners' schools, which are to be in session five evenings a week, and they will instruct all who care to attend in the primary branches of English and fit them for the first step toward acquiring a greater knowledge of mining. On some evenings mining officials will be present to make addresses on various mining topics and in this manner instruct the men in important features of the scientific side of the mining industry.

These lectures will be on timbering, ventilation, the use of high explosives, the work of electricity in the mines, treatment of mine gases and on other practical subjects. At the same time the men as soon as they feel themselves fitted to do it may begin receiving instruction through a correspondence school course and being helped in this theoretical work by the practical work that they can secure in the mines.

The education will not be compulsory. Any employee who desires can attend, but once entered each must attend strictly to the work and make a good showing.

It will be an especially good means of teaching the numerous foreigners in the region the English language and instructing them regarding American institutions and laws and customs. As many of these foreigners are naturally bright and almost all are energetic, they will get along rapidly with the aid of these schools, the first of which has just been opened by the Lehigh Valley company at Lost Creek, in the Schuylkill region.

GLIMPSES OF IK MARVEL.

Donald G. Mitchell, Who Gained Fame Through Two Wondrous Books.

Donald Grant Mitchell, better known by his nom de plume, Ik Marvel, who recently died at Edgewood, his country home near New Haven, will have an enduring place in American literature. More than half a century ago his "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" had touched a sympathetic chord in two continents and many of the now dead American writers had pronounced his style as unrivaled among his contemporaries.

His life and his writings were always in sympathy with all that was pure and beautiful in the world, and recent visitors to his Edgewood farm found him at the age of eighty-six the same sweet natured man of many years ago.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822, his father then having been a Congregational clergyman of that place. He was graduated from Yale and began his literary work with a series of letters from Europe for the Albany Cultivator, published in 1844. Following this first effort came another series of letters from France, under the title of "Fresh Gleanings," which attracted some attention.

Returning to America, he studied law in New York city, but found that distasteful to him and again returned to France, being in that country during the formation of the republic. The stirring scenes of the period gave him the impressions for "The Battle Summer," which was his first book of any importance.

After that he wrote "The Lorgnette" and several other short stories, which first appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" appeared in 1850 and "Dream Life" the following year. These created a particularly favorable impression and gained for him the warm friendship of Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Poe and other writers of that period.

In 1853 he went as consul to Venice, but returned to the United States after one year and purchased the 200 acre farm near New Haven, where he afterward remained. All of his later books were written there. Among the best known of his recent works were "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Rural Studies," "English Lands, Letters and Kings" and "American Lands and Letters." He wrote very little during the last twenty-five years and passed the evening of his days surrounded by his kin and his books.

"Is it lonely in my garden of a summer's evening? Have the little pattering feet gone their ways to bed? Then I people the gooseberry alley with Dr. Primrose and his daughters, Sophia and Olivia. Squire Burchell comes and sits upon the bench with me under the arbor as I smoke my pipe. How shall we measure our indebtedness to such pleasant books that people our solitude so many years after they are written? Oliver Goldsmith, I thank you. Bob Crown, I thank you."

So Ik Marvel wrote in "My Farm at Edgewood" in 1863. In spirit and affection he never grew old. In 1853 he married Mary F. Pringle of Charleston, S. C., and two sons and five daughters were born to them.

Mr. Mitchell was a great believer in walking, for it saved his life. When he was a young man and his friends prophesied that he would early become a victim to consumption, which was hereditary in the Mitchell family, he spent two years tramping over Europe. In England alone he traveled 600 miles on foot, stopping at night at the country inns and proceeding again on his way the next morning. The ordinary traveler visits only the cities. Mr. Mitchell reversed the custom, and he was not wholly unwise in doing it. Those cross country tramps he kept up even in his later years.

For five years past his friends had been conscious that his physical health was falling very rapidly, but mentally he remained as alert and cheerful as ever.

DANGEROUS AFRICAN BUGS.

J. O. Thompson, Who Knows Them, Warns Mr. Roosevelt.

African bug bites are more dangerous than tusk and claw of big beasts, J. O. Thompson of Richmond, Ind., told President Roosevelt the other day. Mr. Thompson is an African expert.

He said that the bite of one kind of insect produces blood poisoning, while the bite of the tsetse fly is supposed to bring on the frequently fatal "sleeping sickness."

At the president's request Mr. Thompson promised to write out for him all the information that might be of use on Mr. Roosevelt's African hunt.

Why We Hang Up Stockings.

The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve arose from an incident in the life of the good St. Nicholas. One day when he was overtaken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas, he preached a sermon to the nuns, which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, which was also on a Christmas eve, before going to bed he asked each of the nuns to lend him a stocking, and he filled the stockings with sugar plums in return for their hospitality.

Huge Lump of Coal.

The largest lump of anthracite coal ever mined recently was taken from a mine in the Panther Creek valley of Pennsylvania. It weighs seven tons and will be placed in a museum either in Philadelphia or Boston.

INDIANA POLITICS

ROBERT G. TUCKER.

Indianapolis, Dec. 22.—At a meeting of the Democratic state committee and several of the defeated candidates on the state ticket, at the Denison hotel last night, lasting several hours, it was decided that the contests for positions at the capital, now held by Republicans, shall be continued. Following a call issued by Chairman Jackson, members of the organization and candidates gathered here for a secret conference. The situation was discussed in detail by the leaders and the candidates. Corrected returns were received from practically every county. There were conflicting stories after the meeting regarding the showing of the corrected returns. Some members of the organization said that they gave at least three offices to the Democrats. Others said that the corrected returns show that the vote was so extremely close that a contest was deemed advisable. Reports from Lake county were received regarding the alleged wholesale illegal voting of foreigners by Republicans. The situation there will be used as a basis for continuing the contest. Members of the organization said that they will have sufficient evidence to convince any fair-minded committee that the Democratic ticket was elected. A motion made by Alvin Padgett, Second district chairman, that the party stand behind the Democrats in making the contests, was adopted. Each district will raise some money to defray the expenses. James F. Cox of Columbus, candidate for secretary of state, said that it was determined definitely to go ahead with the contests and that the party will back the candidates. He predicted that the Democrats will get their commissions and that eventually they will come into their offices. While the Democrats were in session the Republican candidates were holding a meeting at their headquarters. They declared that the Democrats know they haven't good grounds for a contest and that they are going ahead for a bluff. One of the Republican candidates said that if the Democrats try to win by throwing out votes in Lake county, that the Republicans are in shape to throw out as many in Fort Wayne, Evansville, Indianapolis and other cities.

Henry C. Adams of the Vicksburg monuments commission has returned from Vicksburg, Miss., where it is planned to dedicate the various monuments to Indiana soldiers by appropriate ceremonies on Dec. 29. A special train will leave Indianapolis Sunday night at 8 o'clock to arrive in Vicksburg at 5 p. m. Monday. It is estimated that at least 300 Indians will attend. There are sixteen monuments and fifty-one markers to be dedicated by one general ceremony. Each regiment had an appropriation of \$1,200 for a monument.

A meeting of the legislative committee of the Indiana Sanitary and Pure Water association will be called for the early part of next week by Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the state board of health. Representative Homer McGinnis of Martinsville, who will introduce in the legislature the bill desired by the association for the prevention of contamination and for the conservation of the streams of Indiana, will meet with the committee to consider further the proposed legislation.

Arrangements are being made rapidly for the reception and ball to be tendered Governor and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall at the Propylaeum on the night of Monday, Jan. 11. The affair is to be known as the governor's inaugural ball. Several hundred invitations are to go out. The committee on arrangements is headed by Meredith Nicholson. Society people here are getting ready to give the Marshalls a very hospitable welcome.

The Indiana Hotel Keepers' association through F. E. Purcell, its president, has issued invitations for its annual meeting here next Monday, when it will appoint a committee to lobby for the repeal of county local option.

Libel Charge Not Sustained.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 22.—Alexander A. Stakovich, an ex-deputy, was acquitted yesterday of criminal libel in a suit brought by E. Gurko, formerly assistant minister of the interior, in connection with the famine scandal of 1906. M. Stakovich furnished the newspapers with information regarding a \$5,000,000 contract for grain. Upon investigation of his charges M. Gurko was dismissed from the ministry and subsequently brought suit for libel against M. Stakovich.

A Significant Demonstration.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 22.—The drama adopted by a large majority a bill continuing the increase in pensions to army officers authorized during the Russo-Japanese war. At the opening of the sitting the vice speaker read Emperor Nicholas's response to the telegram offering congratulations upon his name day. The Socialists were requested to rise during the reading, but refused and left the chamber after making a demonstration.

Pains of women, head pains, or any pain stopped in 20 minutes sure, with Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. See full formula on 25c box. Sold at F. B. Johnson & Co.'s.

Want Ad Department

Advertisements under this head are charged for at the rate of 2 cents per line for each insertion. The same Ad. will be placed in the Indianapolis Star and Daily Republican at the combined rate of 6 cents per line of six words. Small articles of small value will be advertised free of charge.

LOST—Gentleman's small black purse, containing three five-dollar bills, somewhere between the traction station and the car barns. Finder please return to the I. & C. ticket office and receive reward. 241-4td

FOR SALE—Shorthorn Heifer two years old and one male calf not yet weaned. Both eligible to register. J. G. Beale, R. R. 7, Phone through Arlington. 241tf

FOR SALE—A New Stove Heater, cheap if sold at once. Leaving the city cause of selling. At 329 East Sixth street. 241t2

LOST—Hand painted waist button design of forget-me-nots. Call 1679. Reward 236-tf.

FOR SALE—Shot gun, \$2.00, wood stove \$1.25, coal stove, drums for upstairs heating save one-third the fuel, combination book case, harness, phaeton, and very gentle family horse; all reasonably cheap. 129 West Second St. 239-6td.

FOR RENT—Five room house, corner Harrison and Eleventh streets. See A. L. Stewart. 235-6td

FOR SALE—White Plymouth rock Cockerels. Mrs. A. C. Williams R. R. 11. Phone 3408. 236-6td

FOUND—Large door key. Loser can have same by applying at this office. 236-td

FOR SALE—Three ferrets. Inquire of Louis Ellman, Circleville. 234-6td

HOME WANTED—for a boy 17 years old on a farm. Call at 120 West Seventh St. or phone 3115. 234-16

PROPERTY FOR SALE—Three lots on Tenth and Arthur streets, near the Park factory. Double lot has 10-room dwelling, good barn and outbuildings. One vacant. See F. L. Foulon, corner Tenth and Arthur streets, Rushville, Ind. 225-2t1w1w

FOR SALE—White Plymouth Rock Cockerels and Pullets at \$1.00. Fishels Strain. C. H. Stewart, Milroy, Ind. 233-t12

CHICKENS FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock chickens. Sam Beaver, R. R. 28, Glenwood. Phone. 221-t18

FOR SALE—Choice Naragansette turkeys for breeding purposes. S. E. Cowan, R. R. 14, Rushville. Phone, New Salem, Ind. 221-t26

WOOD FOR SALE—Dry wood for cook or heating stove. Phone Albert Capp. 216tf

WOOD FOR SALE—Dry stove wood. Leave orders at Geo. French's meat shop, 447 West Second St. Phone 1545. John Montgomery. 233-6td

LOST—Ladies bag containing small \$10 gold clock, pair of child's \$2.00 shoes, 25c bottle Raymond's Cough Syrup, spool white thread. If finder will please return the bottle of Raymond's Cough Syrup to this office, they may keep the other articles. 214tf

FOR SALE—A Patchen boy filley colt ten months old, dam by Baron Posey. J. G. Beale, R. R. 7. Phone through Arlington. 241tf

FOR SALE—One two-year old colt. General purpose. No blemishes. J. G. Beale R. R. 7. Phone through Arlington. 241-tf

LOST—Pink Cameo brooch with gold enameled leaves between corner Harrison and Fourth streets and Main Street Christian church. Valued as a keepsake. Finder please leave at Jones' pool room and receive reward. 240-6td

FOR RENT—Five room house with in six squares of court house. See Samuel L. Trabue, attorney. 240-tf

BUSINESS CHANCE—Cigar Store and Pool Room at a bargain if sold at once. Reason for selling sickness. Call or address M. Gustin, 65 S. Harrison St., Shelbyville, Ind. 240-t3

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels from early hatches. Fred McCory. R. R. 4. 240-6td.

LOST—Watch fob, three links with engraving of "L. R." Finder please notify Arnold Reif, 2246 Lotch St., Cincinnati, O. Reward will be given.

FOR RENT—Five room cottage with barn and garden. 608 West Ninth St. Inquire at 323 West Third street. 235-6td

FOR RENT—Five room house on North Harrison street. See Frank Thompson, 327 North Harrison street. 237-6td

FOR SALE—White Silk Poodle Puppy, just one left, male; would be a nice Xmas present for some one. 526 North Sexton St., or see Chas. Applegate. 237-6

STOVE FOR SALE—Coal burner in excellent condition, cheap. Call at 225 Julian street. 237-tf

INTERURBAN FARM FOR SALE—93 acres on Indianapolis pike, 3 miles west of Rushville, with 12 room house, private gas well, interurban railway, other modern improvements. Will sell at once. For information address Cliff Caldwell, Rushville, Ind. 226t14&w2t

WOOD FOR SALE—See John F. Boyd. 204tf

WANTED—Lady at once to sell most useful article on market. Big money. LeVan Novelty Co., Kokomo, Ind. 236-t2

FOR SALE—Closed buggy, almost new. Will sell at bargain. Address or call on Mrs. Boone Gilson, R. R. 9, City. 230-6td

TO LET—Furnished rooms. Mrs. Kate Banta, 222 West Fifth St. Sept. 11-tf

FOR SALE—Single Comb Buff Orpington and Rhode Island Red Cockerels from \$1.50 up. Major Griffin. "Yards" Griffin Station, P. O. Glenwood. 231tf

HELP WANTED—Manager for Branch office we wish to locate here in Rushville. Address, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. 224-t30

FOR SALE—New modern dwelling, one block from public square. Will sell at a bargain. See Jacob Kuntz, 228 East Second street, Rushville, or phone 1507. 228-tf



You will use a
Kenreign
twice as much as any other coat. On fair days because it is smart, other days because rain-proof. Kenreign coats, guaranteed rain-proof, give this double service and hold their shape as long as worn.

Modern concrete factory structures and up-to-date machinery are evidences of the advanced system that is essential to the production of these garments.

Kenyon Overcoats
share this superiority. Latest style book from the dealer who sells Kenreign Coats or from
C. Kenyon Co. NEW YORK

GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE

Everybody is invited to register in our big book. See Our Show Window for Full Particulars.

F. B. JOHNSON & CO.

Drugs, Wall Paper and all kinds of useful Holidays Gifts for the Ladies' and Gentlemen. Hand Colored Calendars, 25c and 35c each

Coming and Going

—Charles Frazee spent the day in Indianapolis.

—R. S. Rucker is visiting friends in Arlington.

—Fred S. Bond of Cambridge City was in this city yesterday on business.

—A. C. Hanson of Indianapolis was in this city yesterday on business.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shugar of Elkhart are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehead in North Morgan street.

—Harter Bebout who is a student in Purdue University is expected home tomorrow to spend the Christmas vacation with home folks.

—Lawrence Root, who is attending school in Purdue University, will come to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Root in North Perkins street.

—Miss Jessie Anderson, a student in DePauw University, is expected home tomorrow to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Birney Anderson, south of this city.

—Allen Blackledge, who is attending DePauw University, will return tomorrow to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blackledge in North Main street.

Cures a Cold in 24 Hours.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The largest stock of pure candies at medium prices in Rushville. Everything handled in a strictly sanitary manner. L. L. Allen. Phone 1420.

—Wade Sherman was in Indianapolis yesterday on business.

—Col. E. H. Wolfe was a visitor in Indianapolis yesterday.

—E. J. Jaqua of Indianapolis was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

—Mrs. Nora Matlock has returned to her home in Circleville after a visit with relatives in Marion.

—Frank Lyons, who is a student in Indiana University, is expected home tomorrow to spend the holidays with home folks.

—Judge Will Sparks went to Shelbyville yesterday on account of the December term of Shelby circuit court opening.

—Miss Marguerite Neutzenhelzer who is attending school at Indiana University is expected home tomorrow to spend the holidays with home folks.

—Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Young of Kokomo and George McBride of Mays will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Young in North Perkins street.

—Tom Meredith, who is attending school at Purdue University, will come tomorrow to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Meredith in West Ninth street during the Christmas vacation.

For an early breakfast, nothing so fine as Mrs. Austins Buckwheat cakes. Fresh at your grocers.

The ladies of the St. Paul's M. E. church will hold a social at the home of Mrs. John P. Frazee in North Main street on Monday, December 28th.

Try a Republican Want Ad

—Mrs. W. O. Feudner was a visitor in Indianapolis today.

—Trustee Mapes and wife of Glenwood were in this city today shopping.

—Neal Whitehead of New Paris, Ind., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehead in North Morgan street.

—Mrs. Charles Frazee and daughter Helen were Indianapolis visitors today.

—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Spurrier of Morristown were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lee in Circleville Sunday.

—Miss Iona Felts, who has been visiting friends here for some time, has returned to her home in Charlevoix, Mich.

—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Musselman of Indianapolis will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William McBride Christmas day.

—Miss Neome Newkirk of Chicago came today to attend the wedding of Miss Flossie Newkirk and Mr. Will Winship this evening.

—Ralph Stiffler, who is attending school at Butler College, came today to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Stiffler in West Second street.

—Ernest and Earl Marlatt of Connersville stopped off in this city last night on their way home from Greencastle where they are students in De Pauw University and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scholl in North Jackson street.

Reduction in Fresh Pork 9c and 10c per pound.

Fresh Buttermilk at Darnell's Bakery.

Boarding.

I have recently purchased the Casady House, and have put same in first class condition. Boarding by the week, day or meal. Mrs. Roll Richey, corner Fourth and Morgan

O. P. C. H.

Specials for Tonight

\$1.50 Pajamas, tonight - 98c
\$5.00 Bathrobes, tonight - \$3.48
50c Lapelle Mufflers, tonight - 38c
Special Coat Hangers, tonight, - 3 for 25c
\$1.50 and \$2 Collar Bags, tonight - 98c
All 50c Silk Handkerchiefs, tonight - 38c
All Boy's \$1 Sweaters - 50c

Choice of 50c, 75c and \$1 Fancy Boxed Suspenders, tonight..... 38c
Limit Two to a Customer.

Cops Get Wrong Man in the Web

Trace Fugitive on Traction Car by Telephone and Cause Arrest of John Wiseman.

OUT ON HUNTING EXCURSION

Clothes Resemble Those of Assailant—What Later Development Brought Out.

The police spun a web—a web of telephone wires—last night between Indianapolis and Rushville with a view to catching in its meshes a young man in a gray hat and gray overcoat who stabbed and seriously injured Tom Andjerry, in a Fountain Square Saloon last night. The web caught a victim without difficulty, but instead of the guilty man, it was John Wiseman, a reputable Indianapolis merchant. As a result Wiseman spent a bad hour under the watchful eye of his captors in the Rushville police station, then Capt. Buyland, who had manipulated the search by telephone from Indianapolis, was satisfied that he was not the man wanted. He ordered Wiseman's release and the latter thankfully continued his trip to hunt the office of the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co. and talk it over with Folsom.

—John H. Frazee spent the day in Indianapolis.

—Mr. and Mrs. George C. McBride of Sexton were visitors in this city today.

—Riley Hunt of Indianapolis is here at the bedside of his mother Mrs. L. S. Hunt who is ill.

—Rev. V. W. Tevis and family and Miss Norma Smith visited friends in Connersville yesterday evening.

—William Shuttle, of Noble township, returned from Shelbyville this morning, where he has been visiting for a short time.

—Mrs. A. E. Martin will leave tomorrow for Richmond where she will spend the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Abner Buell.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Powell returned to their home in Oxford, O., today. They attended the funeral of Randall Rutherford in Carthage yesterday.

Pure Candies at L. L. Allen's. Special prices to Sunday schools and school teachers. Phone 1420.

Try Mrs. Austins Buckwheat flour. Makes dandy cakes with the genuine flavor. Ask your grocer.

Reduction in Fresh Pork 9c and 10c per pound at Kramer's.

A fresh car load of that good Salt at Flinns.

Spare Ribs Galore at Kramer's.

—H. C. Conoway of Posey township was in this city today.

—Sheriff-elect Clayton Bebout of Manila was in this city today.

—Mrs. Robert Mansfield was an Indianapolis visitor today.

—John A. Tittsworth was in Indianapolis yesterday afternoon on legal business.

—Oberin Readle of Piqua, Ohio, came yesterday to spend the holidays with homefolks.

—Mrs. Anna Marlatt is the guest of her parents Rev. and Mrs. A. N. Marlatt in Connersville.

—Governor-elect Frank J. Hall went to Shelbyville this morning and from there will go on to Indianapolis.

—Mrs. Bessie Bowen of Orange township is here at the bed side of her mother Mrs. L. S. Hunt who is ill.

—Miss Alice Norris went to Chicago yesterday where she will be the guest of relatives during the holidays.

—James E. Watson and family went to Winchester this morning to attend the birthday anniversary of his father.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stockinger left yesterday for St. Paul and Batesville where they will visit relatives until after Christmas.

—Arthur Gates and Tom Arbuckle went to Rays Crossing this morning to superintend the construction of the new addition to the tile factory.

CASH OR CREDIT

Only a Few Days Left Before Christmas To Take Advantage of Our

Open Each Evening **Closing Out Sale** Open Each Evening

We are rearranging prices and stock each day as stock is being reduced, if you contemplate buying anything now or in the future for the home, you cannot afford to miss this money saving opportunity as IT IS POSITIVELY A GENUINE REDUCTION

COME IN AND INVESTIGATE

Impossible to quote prices as before advertisement reaches you the article may be sold.

Buy a Present For the Home. The Whole Family Will Enjoy It

The Home Furnishing Co.
EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME.

CASH OR CREDIT

SINCERITY.

The best thing that can be said of any man doing a certain work is HE IS SINCERE. We are sincere when we say to you we have the best goods in our line money can buy and wish you to come and see the stock of Cigars, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Jars, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Safety Razors and lots of other things for the men.

For the Ladies we have Hand, Shopping, Party and Opera Bags, Manure goods in sets and pieces, Fine Box Paper, Toilet Sets in Silver, Gold and Stag, Music Rolls, Post Card Albums, Box Candy, Perfume from 50c to \$1.00 per ounce, all the best Imported and Domestic Toilet Waters and other things to numerous to mention. Before you buy come and see for yourself.

[The Rexall Store]

LYTLE'S DRUG STORE

[The Rexall Store]